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If testimonials are submitted, three copies at least of each should be sent. Original testimonials should not be forwarded in any case. If more than one Examination is applied for, a separate complete application, with copies of testimonials, if any, must be forwarded in respect of each.

University of London, South Kensington, S.W. By order of the Senate, October, 1912. HENRY A. MIBBS, Principal.

## .. THE . EYE-WITNESS

Vol. 3. No. 19.

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PERIODICALS. Contents of some October Reviews and Magazines.

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## Notes of the Week

THE general condition and state of readiness of the Servian people for emergencies, as shown by events in the present crisis in the Balkans, points a lesson which we in England may well take to heart. There was no laxity, there were no pleasant assurances that when war chanced to involve their country they would be perfectly willing to fight—unequipped, save by enthusiasm, and an easy prey to the invader; every man was thoroughly trained, familiar with the use and capabilities of his weapons, and was able to fall into his place in the general scheme of things at an hour's notice. Here, on the other hand, the prevailing spirit seems to be one of lamentable placidity. "We are quite ready to fight if necessary," say the young men of this country; "send us along to the front when war comes." An admirable sentiment; but entirely useless, as it happens, without practicality to back it up. It is common knowledge, as we remarked last week, that in a population of 7,000 not one response was forthcoming to the invitations sent out to join the Territorial Force.

Without endorsing Lord Roberts' references to Germany, in the speech which he made at Manchester last week, and which has raised such a display of peculiarly unpatriotic comment in the Radical Press, we may say that in our view the position he took up is absolutely sound. It would have been better, perhaps, had he seen fit to "gild the philosophic pill" by taking a leaf from the books of Mr. Anthony Hope, and inventing some hypothetical state or kingdom with a pretty name by means of which to point his remarks; but this is the

only criticism we can offer. "There is a way," said Lord Roberts, "in which Britain is certain to have war and its horrors and calamities; it is by persisting in her present course of unpreparedness, her apathy, unintelligence, and blindness, and in her disregard of the warnings of the most ordinary political insight, as well as of the example of history." These are weighty words from a veteran soldier. Until our present ineffective military system is superseded by some scheme that shall make us as alert and prepared as was Servia when the moment of trial came, we are as a nation in a distinctly unsafe position.

The various ways in which Shakespeare's plays are produced would form an interesting theme for an essay. In some towns people will flock to the theatre simply because the play is by Shakespeare; in others they go eagerly because some favourite actor is taking a principal part; but in many places a system of elaborate coaxing is the only method of filling the auditorium. We have before us the record of an enterprising American manager who worked on the principle that almost any play would be a success if it was "billed right"; thus, acceding to the wish of an actress to interpret a Shakespearean part, he placarded the town with announcements of "Six Car-loads of Scenery," "Greatly Augmented Orchestra," "A Hundred and Fifty Fairies," "Eighty Thousand Dollar Production," and so on, not forgetting to repeat the clamorous print in the local papers. The play, of course, was the triumph he meant it to be; but what proportion of the crowd came because it was "billed like a circus"? And how many of them had ever read twenty lines of the text?

A Cookery Exhibition is a thing to be taken seriously; for who knows how great a proportion of national trouble may arise from individual indigestion? "The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell," in spite of all the charms of French culinary art, means more to an Englishman than many orchestral triumphs; Pope knew his readers when he wrote, "Swearing and supperless, the hero sat," since we may presume that his "supper" was the equivalent of dinner. For the first time, the inaugural luncheon of the present Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall was prepared by the young cooks now being trained by the London County Council, and served by boy waiters also under the same auspices. It seems a pity, however, that little attention is paid to British possibilities; judging from the menu, we might as well have been lunching at an ordinary West End hotel.

Congratulations to *The World* on the attainment of its two thousandth number, and on the excellent manner in which those at present ruling its destinies are preserving the traditions of the paper handed down from the days of 1874. They have done wisely in giving a tone of reminiscence to the current issue, and the various articles by well-known friends, dealing with literary adventures of years that are past, make fascinating reading, albeit at times tinged with sadness—as when Sir Squire Bancroft tells of the tragically sudden death of Edmund Yates.

## The Spirit of the Summit

UPON the untrodden height she dwelt alone,  
Where sheer rock-bastions sunder world from world,  
Whose swarming plains the girdling clouds, close-furled  
Around the summit, ne'er avow. A zone  
Of filmy cloud she wore; like fashioned stone  
Her white limbs gleamed; her shadowy tresses curled  
About her brow, all virgin dew-pearled;  
Her brooding eyes twin blazing beryls shone.

And with her face upturned to the arching sky  
She pierced the hallowed stillness with a cry  
That brimmed all longing: "O Infinitude,  
Homed in the Height, so long, so vain pursued,  
How shall I compass Thee, who from my birth  
Press heavy feet on this low mound of earth?"

PHIL. J. FISHER.

## Travelling Moments

**W**HENCE comes the true joy of travel? The question may be answered superficially in several ways: one will say that the charm lies in change of scene, another in rapid motion, a third in the various hostelries that are visited or the different languages and customs heard and experienced. But it needed not the recommendation of Borrow and the host of other writers who have loved and expounded the beauty of the open road to tell us that the very finest joy of travel often comes to him who leaves the rail for those who are in a hurry, leaves the wheeled conveyance—be it motor, horse and trap, or bath chair—for those who are tender of foot, and, his pockets handsomely bulging with whatever fare he may fancy—in case of emergencies—takes to the lanes, the moors, or the downs.

Even then, however, the opening query is not answered. To tramp the miles merely to boast subsequently of the distances covered labels you as of a pedestrian soul as well as body; and that will never do. The truest joy of travel, it seems to me, comes in certain intermittent "moments," as they might be called; glorious times when, as you pass through a sunlit wood, or stand in buffeting wind at the edge of a cliff, or take the bounty of an unexpected wayside inn, the sensation of being thoroughly alive thrills the blood like a draught of wine. Three such moments came to me in a day's tramp a week or two ago.

The first was when, after four miles of fairly steady climbing, I stumbled down a spur of Dartmoor into a village of fairyland. The narrow road crossed a bridge; beneath the bridge a little brown stream—I know not its name, save that it is a tributary of the Dart—fussed and laughed and twinkled among many boulders. The parapet had a tempting shoulder of mossy stones; indeed, the whole bridge was dark with velvety moss; and I stretched myself upon it. Before me, six thatched cottages slept in the

sunshine, set at all curious angles. A few minutes ago, on the hill, a gale had striven to deafen me; here, so deep and sheltered was the spot, the leaves hardly whispered. Two or three cottage doors stood open, but nothing moved, no voice spoke. Evidently, I thought, the place is enchanted, and I am one with the magic spell that dwells over it all. Greatly daring, I smoked a pipe as I lay on the warm moss and listened to the stream, determined to stay until something happened.

It seemed that one might wait till nightfall, so intense was the quiet. But presently—it may be a quarter of an hour had passed—a woman came from one of the open doors, singing; as she stood there, a cow lowed plaintively. The woman saw me, laughed, nodded greeting, and disappeared; and the spell was broken. I went on my way; but it was good to have had that moment.

The second memorable moment of the day came when, having climbed a lane of incredible steepness from Widecombe-in-the-Moor (that is not the name of my fairy village, by the way) and chatted with one old crinkled and weather-beaten gentleman who might have passed for the veritable "Uncle Tom Cobleigh," or at least for "Dan'l Whidden," I looked back and saw the church tower of Widecombe—the Cathedral of the Moor—grey against a blue-grey breast of hill; all far below me, shadowed by wide spaces and huge tors against which threatening clouds began to stream and break. The tall, lonely tower of stone—how immeasurably it gained in significance from its setting!

And the third thrill of that day, which even now seems long ago, was when, drenched almost to the skin by an hour of tramping in heavy rain across the wildest corner of Dartmoor, where not a tree offered its friendly shelter, and the great tors frowned from their granite brows through a shaggy hair of cloud, I stood in the kitchen of an old-fashioned moorland inn before a roaring fire, and received a real Devonshire welcome from people I had never before seen in my life. There, in borrowed clothes, while my own steamed mightily on chair-backs in the blaze, I sat and took tea with one of those worthy gentlemen of the road whose business it is to sell small draperies and fineries to country damsels who dwell far from shops; and good company he was, too. There I made friends with three jolly fellows of dogs, and two sleek, condescending cats; there, also, came curious youngsters of the hamlet to peep and run away; there, again, I was startled by the sight of a cow gazing mildly at me through a window. The bill for the two hours' shelter and refreshment was ninepence, and it was one of the pleasantest times I have ever spent.

The charm of these "moments" lies in their surprise. They are upon you, from the ordinary level of life, before you realise it; therefore they are sometimes missed. To know them when they come—to be receptive, to recognise that an hour to be remembered is now born—is the test of the true traveller, whether he go after all, by road, or rail, or sea.

W. L. R.

## The Shining Pen\*

**A**MONG the frequently recurring platitudes which so assist conversation when ideas and imaginative flowers refuse to unfold, the saying that "the art of letter-writing is extinct" takes a foremost position. It bridges many an awkward gap, leads comfortably across chilly silences to gentle, meandering discussions on the prevalence of the picture-postcard—from which grateful divergence may easily and safely be made to holidays and the comparative virtues of Blankenberghe and Billericay. Yet, if we consider the words for a moment, they are a platitude merely by favour of an oversight. For the true letter eliminates art; it is merry, sad, sarcastic, grave, what you will—even spiritual—but it is essentially natural. Friend communing with friend discards art and all its *minutiæ*; a letter of envy, spite, or hate bears the genuine elemental fury—even the curb of convention is slackened. A lover may seek the choice word, the acceptable phrase, for his mistress, but he does so precisely as he would gather for her the sweetest flower, unconscious save of the sense of preference and fitness. And what we assume to be "art" in the words of the great letter-writers of the world is more often the irresistible signal of the mind and soul betraying itself, often hurriedly, but always unmistakably, to its fellow.

Thus we get the love-letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett—full of exquisite, peculiar cadences as of a song half heard, sprinkled with queer and sometimes forced allusions, ragged with scraps of Greek and truncated sentences, but all perfectly natural—to the Brownings. Or we have the rather stately letters of Goethe, who, whether he wrote to his "Dear little Aunt, how like a sleigh-ride goes my life—swiftly away, and tinkling and careering up and down!" or to Kestner that "it is very abominable and unkind of you not to entrust me the commission of the rings," seems always to hold a certain unapproachable dignity in reserve. Or we find Swift writing in impeccable English his portentous epistles to Archbishop King, and in English that might be another language his playful letters to "Stella"—both free from art, both natural expressions of the man, though in the one case guarded, in the other riotous. And so we could go on, giving instances from the correspondence of Lamb, of Cowper, and a dozen more indefatigable scribes, until we came by simple lapse of time to Meredith, whose inimitably natural letters are now before us.

We look to letters to give us the man, far more than we expect to discover him in his books; for the reason that the published word is chosen with two minds—one

on expression, the other on the opinion of a hydra-headed and possibly unfriendly public; a public which will be critical, even when its sole exhibition of immatured criticism is a splenetic throwing of the book aside as incomprehensible. For another reason, perhaps: that most letters are little vessels of personality filled to the brim; draughts clear and sparkling or dull and turgid, according to the soul that dictates to the flying pen. And, in the present case, for a third reason: that there was in George Meredith a fine fearlessness arising from purity of life and a leonine heart which forbade him to use, as uncongenial, those phrases of dissimulation and insincerity that cloud the meaning of the writer and baulk the understanding of the reader. In his wildest, fiercest metaphors there is the rush of naturalness; they are the play of a happy mind that invents images and sets them down swifty as they come, not the laboriously polished and suspiciously clever similes of the study. "Last night," he writes to Mrs. Sturgis, his daughter, "we had a Bird of Storm brooding on us for hours, and away and back, with fifty million Electric lights and all the world's Cathedral organs crashing!" To another lady, concerning a gift of fruit, he says: "The Madeira apples were custardy and curious. Perhaps Eve would have fallen for them. I am not so sure about Adam. The pips furnish an agreeable entertainment. A high propulsion would enable them to kill." "My breakfast would supply a Workhouse," he laughs to his "Dear Tuck" (William Hardman): "my luncheons are equal to the refectories of four fat Friars; my dinner would satiate the soul of a ticket-of-leave man. I go to bed when Apollo lays his red nose over the Eastern hill, and light-foot hours carry it on their shoulders in triumph to 27, Gordon Street; what time Tuck, with a final snore, says 'Blow it!' and consents to rise!"

These are the lighter passages, the glistening foam on the surface of deep waters, and they are plentiful on very many pages; but, as a whole, these letters, finely joyous and amusing as some of them may be, demand from the careful reader an attention far other than mere glances at humour or considerations of style. They demand no less than the acceptance of George Meredith as one of the most true-hearted, high-spirited men of his age; unworldly, yet loving the world; spiritual in thought; laughing in the face of death, yet clinging to Earth, his life-long love. "It is hard that one should strike the solemn peal of 80, and not be able to caper with the legs, though the mind and heart are elastically harlequin," he wrote on February 10, 1908, to Sir Francis Burnand; "however, good things come at this big age." To another friend he says, in the following year: "For me, I drag on, counting more years and not knowing why. I have to lean on an arm when I would walk, and I am humiliated by requiring at times a repetition of sentences. This is my state of old age. But my religion of life is always to be cheerful. Though I see little of my friends, I live with them." Splendid armour against the shafts of death, even then taking aim at him, that resolve "always to

\**The Letters of George Meredith. Collected and Edited by his Son. 2 vols. (Constable and Co. 21s. net.)*

be cheerful"! And in all sorrows of separation, of loss of friends, of illness, comes the same heartiness of comfort, the same refusal to dwell in the shadows, the indomitable decision to capture what gleams of sunshine may appear. Only occasionally, and then chiefly in connection with his work and the slowness of the public to welcome it, do we find a touch of cynicism. On a puzzling verse in "In Memoriam" he wrote to Captain Maxse:—

If I had written such a line, what vehement reprobation of me from Ploverfield! what cunning efforts to construe! and, finally, what a lecture on my wilfulness! In Tennyson it is interesting. In Browning you are accustomed to gnaw a bone, and would be surprised to find him simple. But "G.M." who is not known, not acknowledged, he shall be trounced if he offers us a difficulty—we insist upon his thinking in our style. Very well, Fred; I am used to it.

With regard to such passages, and others here and there acidly commenting on similar themes, we cannot but feel profoundly glad that George Meredith lived until his was one of the honoured names in English literature—honoured in a wide circle, as it long had been among such intimates as Lord Morley, Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, Frederick Greenwood, Leslie Stephen, William Hardman, and many more to whom his letters are as gems in an unbreakable girdle of friendship. The little home at Box Hill was a centre from which rays of affection sprang forth in all directions, towards which bent the steps of those whose admiration of its owner as man and writer came nigh to reverence. To few men, perhaps, were close friendships more necessary. Some temperaments can shut themselves off as with a door of silence, living, thinking, and working in a lonely, soundless cavern, giving their brain and soul only the careful relief of the ultimate, printed word; not so was it with Meredith. He craved the instant pen, caught the winged minute, and his gusts of enthusiasm flew post-haste to those whom he knew were most fit to understand. Delicate little notes, rippling with fun, went to his children in their youth, and, a generation after, to his grandchildren; explanations of passages in his own novels he would write patiently to those who were practically strangers; frequent pages of mingled frolic and criticism delighted his literary compeers, and are here reproduced; and there are letters which seem almost too sacred for cold print, betraying his love for the one who was to be his wife. One can hardly read them without a catching of the breath; they sing for happiness.

It is inevitable that in reading so many letters, all from one hand, we long for some of the hidden ones to which they were answers, or for some of the replies which they incited. Mr. W. M. Meredith has chosen carefully and wisely, and it is but a very small admixture of dispraise to say that in several cases he might have given more annotations for the benefit of readers who were not personal friends of his father; that these would be many he could not have doubted. It is not a

complete collection, and we notice in some quarters a hope for further volumes. If any issue of trivial consequence is contemplated, bearing no interest beyond the mere fact that the same hand wrote its contents that gave us "The Egoist," we take exception to that hope. It is difficult to think of any following volume as forming anything but an anti-climax to these inspiring books, and, just as we think it was a pity to include much of Meredith's "Miscellaneous Prose" in a series that was artistically satisfactory without it, we think it would be a mistake to attempt an addition to this entirely admirable selection. The man is here, living vividly in his brilliant words; what more is there to be said?

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

### The Music of Venice

**W**HICH is the most musical city in Europe? Let Paris, Vienna, Munich, and Berlin sift the evidence and decide that question so far as the cultivation of artificial music is concerned, music that can be manufactured by the twin genius of heart and brain, and executed at will by those who are cunning of finger or throat. But this kind of music is but a makeshift after all. There are times when we rejoice devoutly that the gods have given it as a solace in those moments when the truest music is withheld from us; and those appreciate it the most who are readiest to acknowledge that it is only a substitute. So beautiful is some of this music of man, music of Palestrina, of Gluck, of Mozart, of Schubert, of Franck, that, hearing its sweetness, we are often tempted to forget the other and better strains which come and go, as the wind bloweth where it listeth, without our asking, utterly and entirely outside of any power or influence we possess over them. Perhaps, as Shelley thought, the sound of Silence is the most perfect manifestation of the true music. Let us listen to the silence, he said, for its tones impart what words can never render into music.

This music is very rarely heard in those cities which are thoughtlessly assumed to be the most musical. You might suppose, indeed, that the keenest listener would hearken in vain for the music of Silence in a city. Go to some unexplored cañon in the mountains, visit the lemon groves beyond the Epipolæ of Syracuse at midnight, row out upon a summer sea and ship your oars, when winds are hushed and the last fishing-boat is out of sight. You think it is in such spots, at such seasons, that you shall hear the diviner songs! And yet they are to be heard in crowded cities, too, these rapturous songs of silence; and even better heard. For then they seem more magical when you, the listener, are surrounded by objects which at any moment may burst out with the clamour of ten thousand tongues. In Rome,

the august, we have heard this majestic music of Silence. If you can obtain permission to sit in the Forum or on the Palatine just before cock-crow you shall hear it, too. You will think from time to time that your ear catches the undertones in which dead Cæsars talk together, but it is only the passage of a Dryad from one cypress to another, and, her flight accomplished, the harmonies of Silence vibrate again unchallenged. In the cloister of the Terme also they have been heard at early dawn, but still more rarely, for the Ferrovia is near, and the plashing of the fountain in the Piazza can interrupt.

But Italy owns one city where the melodies of Silence, and those others which, even though they depend on men in one way or another, have nothing to do with the music of chamber, theatre, or concert-hall, may every day and night be heard to perfection. Its name is Venice. Lately we have sat at our window in the *Grande Rue*, between three and four o'clock in the morning, listening to music so magnificent that some of its cadences were almost intolerable in their beauty. Right before us in the sky shone great Orion, Sirius, and their attendants; their shining so brilliant that their reflection, in the Canal made the jade-coloured floor seem as if some celestial hand had sprinkled it with sharp-cut fragments from the pavement of emerald and yellow diamond that encircles the Throne on high. The morning stars were singing together, and all the sons of God were shouting for joy. Palace after palace, erect in the clear air, and seen in the mirror of the still waters, echoed the song. The bells of the Salute trembled with eagerness to swell the splendid noise, and we knew that great Marangona, restored to his belfry, was listening to the concert, but waiting the accustomed hour when the Silence having died away into earthly sound, he should be bidden to add the unapproachable dignity of that voice which speaks as if it were the sum of all the illustrious voices that ever were heard in Venice to the gathering hum of the rising music-makers going forth to their work and to their labour until the evening. This was music, indeed, yet until the bells began at half-past five those stars looked down upon what in the ordinary sense of language was an absolutely noiseless city.

Almost as enchanting are the semi-silences of evening, when only the occasional plash of the gondola's oar is heard, or the waves washing the marble steps, and the distant whisperings of the narrow streets; when the touching, mournful lines from Verlaine's prison come to the mind:—

Cette paisible rumeur là  
Vient de la ville.

You must make the most of the rare minutes when these quiet concerts are given, for too soon a *vaporetto* will hurry by, and dispel the peace. But we do not hold that the noiseless music of Venice, though, to be sure, it is the most beautiful, is the only kind for which an hourly Laudamus should be uttered. For Venice has the secret of capturing what may be ugly in and by itself and turning it to a golden use. By this alchemy

the horror of the chimney-stacks, and the new houses on the Lido, and the telegraph wires over the lagoon, and the merciless glare of incandescent lights, is transmuted; Venice uplifts her finger, and all that would be ugly hides itself, decently, and loses its identity among the ever-changing processions of lovely things. Venice has the same magical power over what in other cities would be disagreeable sounds. The little bells of S. Samuele and S. Barnaba wake you with an *aubade* performed, as it were, by sweetened flutes and the clangour, led by S. Stefano and the Frari becomes the most majestic of polyphony chanted, it seems, by deep-throated archangels. We lean over the wall of our friend's garden on the Giudecca and listen to the song of a boatman who is bringing his load of gorgeous fruits from Pelestrina.

Judged by ordinary standards, his voice is harsh and husky, and his tune is commonplace, but Venice makes it seem so beautiful that our pleasure in listening is immeasurably greater than that with which we heard Caruso, a few weeks since, in the hot Opera House at Vienna. The very wailings of the sirens, and the insolent whistlings of the steam-tugs, the riotous screaming of children, the violin practisings of schoolgirls, the murderous altercations of gondoliers at their traghetti — even these unmelodious sounds are caught up by Venice and used to enhance the glory of her music, as if she were some Debussy of Olympus, knowing well what is the value of a rightly-introduced dissonance. Her names as you read them on her walls are music. It needs not that you should speak aloud such a title as that of "Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari" to know that its music is like a rich sentence of Beethoven. And Venice gives you Beethoven also. His symphonies were not, it is true, written entirely for wind instruments, but when the Banda Municipale played some selections from them the other day in the Piazza they seemed to sound more gloriously under the shadow of S. Marco and the Campanile than they do in Queen's Hall.

Nor were we conscious of any other sense but an added delight when at the Angelus great Marangona joined in with a voice richer than a hundred thousand double-basses playing in unison. Exquisite music, too, is being made at this moment in Venice which all the world will presently be running to hear. For Signor Wolf-Ferrari lives here, and we have been privileged to make the acquaintance of his new opera, on a play of Molière, an opera which we do not hesitate to affirm will set the seal of fame and greatness on the career of the composer of "Il Segreto di Susanna." We must not speak further of this work, which is not yet completed, but we know already that its music is worthy of the beauty and wonder of the incomparable city in which it has had its birth. Yes, Venice, all melody herself, is now inspiring her young composer with something of her own delicious radiancy of heart. One must be glad at Venice, and here, by the side of one of her canals, music is being written which we are sure will add to the gladness of the world.

## REVIEWS

### A French Historian of "Our Own Times"

*Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIXe Siècle. Vol. I—L'Angleterre en 1815.* By ELIE HALÉVY. (Hachette and Co. 15 fr.)

**I**N undertaking a history of England in the Nineteenth Century M. Halévy has demonstrated that he is truly brave, but, like the man with the five talents, he has made them other five, for he has shown himself modest as well as brave. We wish that some of the foreign commentators of English literature could take lessons at his school; their need of initial apology is, if anything, greater than his, since nothing, not even its customs and institutions, belongs more intimately to a nation than its language and its literature. M. Halévy's deprecatory introduction exhibits one rather curious feature that supplies food for thought—he addresses himself formally and it would seem exclusively to his compatriots. This appears to us to illustrate a point of national difference; we find it difficult not to be personal or insular even in the region of ideas—to the Frenchman that region is a No-man's-land; we like to reserve a technical right of invitation to walk in paths we call our own—the Frenchman carries a *passe-partout*.

But there is another and a more obvious point to consider. When the eminent professor of the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques addresses his justification solely to his compatriots, he seems to imply that his book is intended solely for them—that it will be read, in fact, by Frenchmen alone. If so, it is carrying modesty too far. We shall be surprised if this work does not gain very general recognition in England. In the first place it supplies a great want—no one has done for the Nineteenth Century what Lecky has done for the Eighteenth—and in the second place it is admirably executed. Frenchmen have a secret recipe for writing modern history; we would quote, for example, the work of M. Seignobos and the lectures of M. Denis. They thread the most complicated maze with unerring instinct, and at the darkest corners they hang the guiding lamp of epigram. M. Halévy has all his countrymen's gifts in this matter. Nor does he weaken his qualifications when he suggests that a foreigner may see more of the soul of a country than a native of that country; the physician hands over the medical treatment of his own family to another physician. The foreigner has the capacity for wonder—"une bienfaisante faculté d'étonnement"—and wonder is the gate of knowledge. In M. Halévy's case this capacity is keen and effective; a very favourite expression of his—"dans aucun pays d'Europe" with its implied "except England"—exemplifies this. We do not know if M. Halévy knows all the countries of Europe, but he certainly knows the difference between France and England.

We believe in compliments. The truest history of a country during a period would be obtained by reading

first a native and then a foreign historian. Of these the latter at least should be a genius. A symposium, even if it includes one or two foreigners, is very unsatisfactory.

M. Halévy, we have said, has the faculty of wonder. He displays it continually, and with abundant reason. No people has more consistently baffled expectation than the English of the early Nineteenth Century. Their polity was an organised weakness; their army was an organised anarchy; there was no reason why their navy should rise superior to its terrific task. Every time M. Halévy sums up at the close of some particular subject, he finds it necessary to defer his explanation of averted disaster to some later moment. When he gets to this explanation, it may be true, but it is scarcely heroic or impressive. It is most probably true—it is the unprejudiced outside observer, with the "faculté d'étonnement" who gives it to us. Here, at any rate, it is, this explanation:—

Si le matérialisme historique était vrai, s'il fallait chercher, dans la série des faits économiques, la cause explicative de toute l'histoire, l'Angleterre du XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle devrait être le pays prédestiné de la révolution politique et de la révolution religieuse.

But—

L'Angleterre a été le théâtre, au XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, d'un grand mouvement religieux qui n'a pas eu son équivalent sur le continent, du dernier mouvement d'opinion protestante qui ait réussi à fonder des institutions durables; et c'est le "réveil méthodiste," le "réveil évangélique" qui

founded, for instance, modern English Liberalism, and enables us to account for

la stabilité exceptionnelle dont la société anglaise est destinée à jouir, dans un siècle de révoltes et de crises, et ce qu'on peut appeler le miracle de l'Angleterre moderne, anarchiste et cependant bien ordonnée, positive, industrielle, et cependant religieuse jusqu'au piétisme.

Even while searching for the miracle that saved England from the European earthquake, M. Halévy by no means excludes sympathy for the institutions, imperfect or "anarchistes" as they might be, that distinguished her at this epoch:—

Si elles sont librement acceptées [aristocratical institutions, for instance, in army organisation] consciemment voulues par tous les membres d'une société, même par ceux qui, dans cette société, ne font point partie de l'aristocratie dirigeante, elles sont de nature à répandre, dans tous les rangs, une sorte d'orgueil collectif, source d'énergie et de puissance.

The English electoral system may have been corrupt, but there was nothing as good on the Continent, and it worked well enough to find many imitators. The ruinous scale of electioneering expenses and the orgies that accompanied a contested election, though no doubt exaggerated, were not wholly indefensible, for, apart

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from the fact that they might be regarded as the price of power and as a "sport national," they implied a large measure of political liberty, a possession that M. Halévy does not refuse to England during this period.

This work makes no pretence to being a "political" history, in the ordinary sense; it is a very complete "social" survey of modern England. The present volume is divided into three almost equal parts, dealing respectively with "Les Institutions Politiques," "La Société Economique" and "Les Croyances et la Culture." The last part, with its two sub-divisions, is perhaps the most interesting. We have seen how crucial the religious question is for the author. But he is also very much concerned with literary and philosophical currents; he has already published a considerable work on the history of philosophical Radicalism, and in the present work he devotes a good deal of space to the theories of Malthus, Bentham, Ricardo, and Mill.

We have already indicated roughly the lines on which the political institutions are considered. M. Halévy starts from the classical accounts of the British Constitution due to Montesquieu and Blackstone, and he concludes that by 1815 "les intérêts de la Couronne, de la Chambre Haute et de la Chambre Basse sont devenus solidaires, au lieu de se faire opposition et équilibre. C'est donc que la Constitution est faussée." Interesting in this connection and in relation to even more modern conditions is the account of Cobbett and his attacks on both political parties. The first part includes sections on the Army and the Navy. M. Halévy distinguishes between them as being respectively the Tory and Whig services; the Navy never came under popular suspicion; as to the Army:—

A cause des vices mêmes de son organisation, les victoires remportées par l'armée anglaise n'ont pas mis en péril les libertés traditionnelles de la nation.

In Part II we find a very clear and exhaustive account of economical problems and conditions. The paradoxical triumph of laissez-faire, at the moment when it was condemning itself by its worst abuses, and at the very moment when the slave trade was being abolished in the name of humanity, is made quite intelligible. It was so easy to make a fortune in those days, and the way was potentially open to almost all. The fluctuations of the great war emphasised the speculative basis of wealth. It may be news to many that Napoleon had finally to defend French industry by conniving at the infringement of his own Blockade; nothing could more vividly illustrate the power that was in English commerce at this date.

The "snobisme" that is bound to come in somewhere in a work on England makes one rather curious appearance; we do not refer to "l'armée de snobs" as a description of the Peninsular army; but we think that it is taking rather a narrow view of human nature to say that it was principally "par snobisme" that self-made manufacturers were comparatively humane to their employees.

We will conclude by congratulating M. Halévy on a fine piece of work. May the other volumes not tarry

too long, and may they be worthy of their predecessor! Above all, let us pray that the fourth volume may contain an index! It might be the one thing wanting to complete a monumental work, and as there are many French works that suffer from this defect, we venture to make the suggestion.

R. F. SMALLEY.

## Sixty Years Ago

*The Battle of Life.* By T. E. KEBBEL. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who wish to understand something of the great difference between life in England sixty years ago and to-day should read this interesting autobiography, which covers the period of the writer's boyhood, youth, and early manhood from about the year 1833 to 1865. Mr. Kebbel contends, and we are inclined to agree with him, that "there is a much greater difference between the England of to-day and the England of 1840 than there was between the England of George I and the England of Charles II." The human boy is much the same in every age. Yet even this natural product is affected by the spirit of the age, and modern faddists, "education" folk, hygienists, and sentimental philanthropists do their best to lick him into an artificial shape. As the author humorously observes, "Well, well, School Boards, County Councils, competitive examinations, mown stubbles, French partridges, an improved moral tone, New Zealand mutton, University Extensions, threshing-machines, have made us the very superior people we are now."

From this it may be inferred that he is a sportsman and naturalist of the old-fashioned type, who learnt something of nature's secrets at the fountain-head. Certainly anything more ludicrous than the laboured attempt of town and college teachers in the primary country schools to teach children nature from handbooks and diagrams can hardly be imagined. It is, perhaps, only equalled by the modern absurdity of teaching children to play. The spontaneous games of children thirty years ago, many of them a part of traditional folk-lore, were worth dozens of the sickly, even if highly proper, inculcated relaxations of sophisticated teachers.

Mr. Kebbel's schooldays were sufficiently breezy, and afforded much valuable help towards the Battle of Life. It is a question whether the luxury and softness which has invaded schools in our day will be so efficacious. But the chapters which will be read with greatest interest, at least by University men, are those which tell the graphic story of Oxford life more than sixty years ago. Mr. Kebbel went up to Oxford from Merchant Taylors' School in January, 1846, and matriculated at Exeter College. Then frock-coats were beginning to supersede tail-coats, green or brown cutaways with brass buttons of 1837 being rarely seen. Men out for walks or rides, or even going down to the river, were expected to be in "beaver"—so called from the time when all tall hats were beaver hats.

Evening chapel was at 4.30 p.m., dinner at 5 o'clock. "Tankards of college ale were emptied" at breakfast

parties. Port and sherry were chiefly drunk of "wines," though "men did not sit down to a wine party as a general rule with the intention of drinking a bottle apiece, and perhaps more." So even then there was a change from John Thorpe's assurance in "Northanger Abbey" that "there is no drinking at Oxford now. You would hardly meet a man who goes beyond his four pints."

And what a change to-day! Someone recently observed that the dull, serious conversation of modern common-rooms, and the absence of wit and humour, were in direct ratio to the flatness of the insipid mineral waters consumed at high tables, and had the hardihood to propose as a remedy the formation of a Society for the Promotion of Drinking among Oxford Dons. Anyhow, we remember dining in the common-room of St. John's a few years ago, and being felicitated by the host of the evening for not letting the port wine pass by. In the "forties" there was a curious passion among reading men for having the most elementary text-books expensively bound. One man had Trendelenburg's Logic bound in Russia, another a lexicon to *Aeschylus*. Handsome furniture and costly engravings were common. Indeed, "more luxury was displayed in the decoration of their rooms by most men than in eating and drinking," though "select circles" gave "select little dinners" with champagne and claret. At Exeter College routine appears to have been the first duty of man. "Never to miss chapel, never to 'cut lecture,' never to lurch in late, always to dine in hall, gained a man more credit with the dons than if he had spent half his nights in mastering Thucydides and half his days in pondering the Ethics." It was said that Sewell used gravely to caution too hard readers against "the pride of intellect." However, Mr. Kebbel, gaining an exhibition, migrated to Lincoln, where things were "very different." These were the early days of Mark Pattison, Kaye, and Perry.

Mr. Kebbel's love of sport and nature led him to explore the country round Oxford in a way little known to the average undergraduate. Godstow we all know, but we wonder whether the men of to-day dine at the riverside inn on "fresh-caught eels, spatch-cocked and fried," or, after a day's shooting in Eynsham Woods, at its "very good inn, boasting some real old port." Then there was Witney, where, after a day's roam through Wychwood Forest, "untouched by the reformer, *curvique immunis aratri*, you might dine out of doors in the garden; or Otmoor, a wide, marshy flat, good for a snipe or a widgeon; or The Oak in Stow Wood, half-inn, half-farmhouse, with its grand old oak-tree and the honest old farmer with his red face, the son coming up with his gun over his shoulder, and his pretty sister wishing you a smiling good-bye at the door." During one Long Vacation Mr. Kebbel stayed up at Oxford, ostensibly for the purpose of reading Roman history. But "staying up meant taking country lodgings at Elsfield, and reading Livy meant shooting partridges at Stow Wood." Yet after sixty years he gives us a delightful chapter on Oxford in a real vacation time, before the modern annexation of the month of July for examination work.

These, too, were the days before the mushroom growth of "tutoropolis" and suburbia between St. Giles's and Summertown. Oxford in vacation became simply the great county town. All University life was dormant. The silent colleges were like despoiled monasteries. The solitary University man "began to feel like a stranger in his own stronghold." And then, paradoxical as it may appear, he began to realise the *genius loci* of Oxford's memories and unique history, freed from "the tumult of term time, when the talk is of nothing but schools and wines, and eights and elevens, and who has got the Latin verse, and who has won the drag or the long jump." Then "he sees fair Oxford aright," and may call up her matchless associations, and all the charming romance of her history, religion, and literature, and of her great personalities, through the splendid traditions of a thousand years. Elsfield and partridges were not conducive to hard work, and to this vacation episode the author partly attributes the loss of his First Class. Being the son of a country rector, clerical topics are lightly touched, and there is a good picture of home life in the rectory, where so many country clergy were "squarsons" and sportsmen. It was thoroughly honest and wholesome, though it would shock the serious so-called Christian Socialist modern ecclesiastic. In one sense it was probably more Socialistic than much of the sentimental sham Socialism affected by that serious young person of to-day. Probably more was done by individuals to cheer and brighten the life of the agricultural labourer than is effected by the present State legislation and that dreaded bogie, the ubiquitous inspector. As to the "squarsons," it is worthy of note "that acceptance of the Anglo-Catholic idea as revived by Keble, Newman, and Pusey was not confined to a few ascetics or weak-minded enthusiasts, or ambitious sacerdotalists, but that it was embraced by clergymen who had passed middle life under the old regime, who were scholars, sportsmen, and men of the world, as soon as they understood its meaning and recognised 'its historic basis.'"

From Oxford Mr. Kebbel passes to London life in the Temple, and we read of the pleasures of a by-gone generation, of Cremorne, Evans's, the Casinos, the Cider Cellars, and dinners at the "Trafalgar" at Greenwich, at the old "Falcon" at Gravesend, and at the Eel-pie Island at Twickenham, till serious money difficulties arose, low water, and the perennial trouble with money-lenders, all bravely told as part of the Battle of Life. After much tossing on stormy seas, the author steers at last into the haven of the Press, and we find him at the annual *Saturday Review* dinner at Greenwich, in company with Mr. Beresford Hope, Sir W. Harcourt ("Historicus"), Saunders (the editor of *Justinian*), G. Venables, and G. H. Lewes; and, later, the present Lord Morley and Charles Austin of the *Times*.

It is difficult now to realise the England of sixty years ago, but a remarkable picture of some aspects of life in a period whose every traces are rapidly being eliminated will be found in this well-written and fascinating volume.

## Tigers and Police

*Life in the Indian Police.* By C. E. GOULDSBURY. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE apologies which Mr. Gouldsbury offers in his postscript for any imperfections in his work indicate his modesty, but were hardly required. He has produced a book which will be enjoyed by all sportsmen who have pursued big game. Many Anglo-Indians, too, and others will read it with interest as describing the characteristic scenes and familiar incidents of a life spent in India. It is not the author's first literary effort. Mr. Gouldsbury gave a small sample of his adventures in his "Dulal, the Forest Guard," but he has now drawn more largely on his repertoire, and it may be hoped that he has not yet exhausted it. His numerous stories have a reality and freshness that carry conviction of their truth, and of his accuracy as an observer. It would have been easy for him to make the police portion of his book more prominent, but he has wisely said nothing of his departmental life that cannot be read with interest. The Indian police have, as we have had occasion to say before, been under searching inquiry, and no branch of the Indian services is better known or more bitterly abused. Improvements are being effected, but can only be gradual. Mr. Gouldsbury shows how useful the police are, even under present conditions, and how dependent the English police officers are upon their native subordinates. The instances narrated of torture inflicted by the police in old days to extort confessions are hardly credible; instances, indeed, of devilish ingenuity, as they are termed: they are becoming rarer, as severe punishment follows upon conviction of any policeman offending. In the backward districts, as an Inspector admitted to the author, "the peoples not being in advanced education state, there is not much work for police, but of hunting there is plenty, no doubt, especially royal tiger"; and, again, "No, your worship, there is no such important crimes, for the people are yet like barbarian rustic, and cannot read and write, but when there are more schools they will become intelligent, no doubt, and make organisation of criminal nature like in more advanced districts." In such localities the author evidently had much time for sport. Tiger-shooting had an extraordinary charm, an indescribable fascination, for him, and fortunately his nerve never failed, even in the most trying situations. On one occasion he had to get a tiger out of a cave where it was heard crunching human bones; on another a tiger had climbed out along the branch of a tree. But Mr. Gouldsbury always had the valuable assistance of an experienced *shikari*, and generally of staunch elephants. The former was, through excess of zeal, nearly demolished by a tiger. When the man was almost in extremities the civil surgeon's skill, aided by

the old man's delight at finding two sahibs had come to see him, worked wonders, and from that moment he began to mend, eventually recovering. He survived for many years, falling a victim at last to a cobra-bite. The stories of elephants and their habits are equally interesting as those of the tigers. Few people perhaps know how frightened tame elephants are of a herd of their wild brethren, especially of the leading tuskers. The death of an elephant in a quicksand must have been a painful sight.

Though sport occupies the major portion of Mr. Gouldsbury's volume, he has observations to offer on many other matters. In one district where sport was wanting he found crime astonishingly prevalent, "yet, strangely enough, sordid, cunning, and intriguing as was the general character of these people, they were by no means deficient in courage," and they indulged freely in sanguinary contentions and riots, often ending in loss of life. He alludes to the "kindliness and good feeling which existed between natives and Europeans before discontent and sedition—the products possibly of a supererogatory education system—had laid their baneful hold upon the people," and, again, "it must be evident to anyone with lengthened experience of the country that, apart from the spirit of anarchy and socialism, now generally prevalent, the condition of unrest in Bengal is due in a great measure to over-education." Education was not the author's only antipathy. The Judicial Courts in India often require what appears to the executive and police officers an unreasonably high standard of evidence, unattainable under the existing conditions of the country, which favour untruthfulness and inaccuracy. Mr. Gouldsbury writes of a British officer, "As a Judge McTavish really was impossible, his unreasoning antipathy to the police blinding his eyes to any skill or virtue they might occasionally exhibit," and later he alludes to "that august and time-honoured assemblage of learned praetors known as the High Court." The description of a local Raja is not flattering—"Built on a scale even the Claimant would not rival, he stood about 5 feet 2 inches in height, with a form as rotund in full and profile as it is possible for the human frame to be, and arrayed in garments of startling hue. His coat was of pea-green satin, with stripes of yellow and purple, worn over trousers of crimson silk, sprinkled with gold stars and fitting closely to the legs, giving the impression of bolsters such as are sometimes seen on an ottoman of Oriental design": the "fractional portion of a rainbow," the "huge jelly-bag-like carcase of the potentate," "the porpoise-like proportions of our visitor" are picturesque expressions, but perhaps somewhat severe upon the Raja. The camp life, the Durbar on the frontier, the Frenchman's adventure, the planter's hospitality, the smaller matters of everyday existence in a station, are well described, without any effort or high-falutin. Mr. Gouldsbury had good luck in indulging his special love of big-game sport, and he has been equally successful in writing a book which provides plenty of entertainment.

## George Borrow

*George Borrow, the Man and his Books.* By EDWARD THOMAS. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

"HE went out into the wilderness, and he savoured of it." This sentence, culled from the concluding chapter of Mr. Thomas's excellent biography, is perhaps as perfect a description of Borrow as it would be possible to give. Borrow was a many-sided man, and he presents himself to the reader under a variety of aspects. But one thing at least may be said about him: he dwelt always in the wilderness.

Perhaps it is for this reason that one of the most universal figures in English literature has merely succeeded in establishing a cult. Borrow is not for all. If you are not enthusiastic about him you will probably dislike him. It is possible to care greatly for English literature, and to care very little indeed for George Borrow. The genuine Borrowian is born, not made. That—or something like it—is one of the *obiter dicta* of Mr. Augustine Birrell, who is one of the chosen band. And Mr. Birrell is right—as, indeed, he invariably is in his judgments on letters. To appreciate Borrow you must rid your mind of a thousand prejudices; more, you will have to trample ruthlessly—for the time at least—upon some of your most cherished convictions.

For the man is full of faults—faults which would wreck the reputation of a lesser writer. His exaggerated Protestantism is always in the way, until one learns to accept it as a necessary part of his mental outfit. After a time one can even tolerate his violent tirades against the Pope. What reader of "Westward Ho!"—with the possible exception of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch—ever enjoyed that stirring romance the less for Kingsley's ridiculous travesty of the Roman Catholic religion? So it is with Borrow. His essential greatness carries him easily over a hundred such obstacles. His occasional lapses into a slipshod Victorianism, his cavalier treatment of facts, his inadequate knowledge of Romany (for the authorities now maintain that his Romany studies need a very rigid revision)—these things, seen in just perspective, are but spots upon the surface of the sun.

He eludes classification. No author has ever been to a greater extent the despair of the system-mongers. He belonged to no school, and he has left no successor. He claims affinity with Cervantes, with Defoe, with Le Sage, and with Sterne, and yet it cannot be said that he resembles any of these writers.

For Borrow was before all things individual. No writer was ever more consistently and exclusively himself. He strikes always a note of bigness. "Big," indeed, is the only word that will fit him. His personality is at times almost overpowering in its forcefulness. By his side the men and women that we know—and we are forced to include ourselves—appear as pygmies. The petty restraints of civilisation are not for a man cast in this Olympian mould. There are evidences in this book that Borrow was a bear in a drawing-room. But he ought never to have been in a drawing-room. The sky of heaven was his natural roof; the sun and the

stars his candles. He reminds one of those old Norse heroes whose biographies formed the inspiration of his childhood. A Protestant by accident, he was a Pagan by divine necessity.

In writing of Borrow, we have been in danger of forgetting Mr. Thomas. Borrow's latest biographer has followed in the wake of some distinguished predecessors. Both Dr. Knapp and Mr. Herbert Jenkins have made careful studies of Borrow, and the former has added considerably to our knowledge of his relations with the British and Foreign Bible Society. But Mr. Thomas, if he supplies us with no new facts, provides us with a new interpretation. As a reasoned estimate of Borrow's work and influence the book is far and away the best that has appeared on the subject, and the illustrations will be welcomed by all readers. The purely biographical portions of the volume are admirably done, while, as an example of Mr. Thomas's method at its best we may perhaps be permitted to quote the following summary from the concluding chapter:—

He kept good company from his youth up. Wistful or fancifully envious admiration for the fortunate simple yeomen, or careless poor men, or noble savages, or unstatesmanlike fishermen, or unromanised *Germani*, or animals who do not fret about their souls, admiration for those in any class who are not for the fashion of these days, is a deep-seated and ancient sentiment, akin to the sentiment for childhood and the golden age. Borrow met a hundred men fit to awaken and satisfy this admiration in an age when thousands can over-eat and over-dress in comfort all the days of their life. Sometimes he shows that he himself admires in this way, but more often he mingles with them as one almost on an equality with them, though his melancholy or his book-knowledge is at times something of a foil. He introduces us to fighting men, jockeys, thieves, and ratcatchers, without our running any risk of contamination. Above all, he introduces us to the Gypsies, people who are either young and beautiful or strong, or else witchlike, in a fierce old age.

If Mr. Thomas succeeds in adding to the select band of Borrow-worshippers he will have rendered a by no means inconsiderable service to his generation. Even sublimity may pall, and the "mighty organ music" of a Milton is not for all moments. But one returns to Borrow as to the company of a loved and trusted friend. And there are those to whom Dingley Dell offers delights which they fail to find even in the Forest of Arden.

## Men and Manners of Modern China

*Men and Manners of Modern China.* By the Rev. J. MACGOWAN. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. MACGOWAN has lived in China for fifty years, and has come to the conclusion that the Chinese are "a very lovable people, and when seen in their happiest moods, or when sorrow has been clouding their lives, or when

aroused by some sense of injustice, they prove that they really possess the fibre of a great people." With due regard for foreign missionary enterprise, when it is conducted on the right lines, we are aware, now and again, that the author's zest for souls—however praiseworthy it may be within its own sphere—rather mitigates against the value of his book in certain chapters. It was Lafcadio Hearn's method to glorify Buddhism at the expense of Christianity. It is Mr. Macgowan's method to extol Christianity, to reveal the worst side of Chinese superstition, and to refrain from doing full justice to the ethical value of Confucianism. He gives us a fine description of the temple of "The White Deer," and warmly praises the Buddhist's unerring judgment in selecting a beautiful situation for his place of retirement and meditation; but surely all the Buddhist priests in China are not like the opium victim in the temple of "The White Deer"? The author is much too fond of those very objectionable words, "idol" and "heathen." We are scarcely given time to appreciate the quaintness of Chinese superstition, when the author, who is evidently not a folklorist, is busy in pointing out its villainies. His treatment of the Chinese classics is rather patronising. "The Spring and Autumn Annals" is certainly not a great book, but he might have spared us the following:—"A railway porter's memoranda of the arrival and departure of certain trains have quite as much enthusiasm as these records of men that lived in the ancient past." Mr. Macgowan has nothing to say about Taoism or the "Tao-Tê-Ching."

Apart from the author's outlook in regard to Christianity in China, he has written a most admirable book, and touched upon a variety of subjects with considerable charm and freshness. Ancestor-worship and *fengshui* are treated in a most illuminating way. His description of "The Temple of the Emperor of the City" and "The Spokesman of the Gods" is replete with valuable material, presented with an eye to dramatic effect, and his comments on Chinese doctoring are very diverting.

Mr. Macgowan writes concerning the Goddess of Mercy:—"Her home originally was in far-off India, and the story goes that she was the daughter of a king, and she was so touched by the miseries of the women who lived in the neighbourhood of her father's palace that she made a solemn vow that she would never get married, but would dedicate her life to the service of her own sex. This she did, and when she died she was deified, and her worship became a widespread one." We do not think that this is the correct version, for, according to Dr. William Anderson, the Chinese claim that Kwanjin, the Goddess of Mercy, is of native origin, the daughter of the King of the Chow dynasty. She was sentenced to death by her father because she refused to marry, but the executioner's sword broke without inflicting a wound. When eventually her spirit went to Hell, we are told that there was something so radiantly beautiful about Kwanjin that her very presence turned the mournful abode into Paradise. The King of the Imperial Regions, in order to maintain the gloomy

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aspect of his realm and also to preserve the proprieties, caused Kwanjin to be miraculously transported on a lotus flower to the Island of Pootoo. There is nothing philanthropic about this version, but it is infinitely more romantic than the story given by Mr. Macgowan.

Mr. Macgowan is at his best when he is depicting some phase of Chinese life—in the home, in the highways and byways, on the river. No one has written more delightfully or more accurately about the actors of the Celestial Kingdom, and we are grateful to him for presenting the plot of a play called "Sir Serious." The chapter we have read with most pleasure is entitled "A Ramble through a Chinese City." We like the placid tradespeople, as contented as a brooding hen or a cow chewing the cud. We admire still more the barber who shaves with a rough-hewn piece of iron, and uses a hot, damp cloth instead of soap. When this deft fellow has shaved round his customer's head, he proceeds to render ears and eyes less hirsute. "It makes one tremble to see how he plays amongst the eyelashes, trimming them here and there, and turning down the eyelids and letting the sharp razor meander along the inside of them." When the barber has massaged his customer's spine and replaited his queue, the clever man receives about a penny for his dexterous and daring services. If the barber is clever and placid, so, too, is the charming old letter-writer, who will pen a long epistle on any subject and in most flowery language for a halfpenny. Now we meet a fat mandarin, and now a quack doctor, who also puts in other people's teeth with a piece of wire. Further down this fascinating street we encounter two angry Chinamen, who thrust forth their second fingers as a sign of contempt—cowardly fellows who want to fight, but are lacking in the necessary courage. Only one with deep human sympathies could have depicted such scenes in the way Mr. Macgowan has done. The Chinese, with all their faults, have won the author's heart, and we warmly commend this volume because it reveals the character of a great people.

### A Safe Guide to Print Collecting

*Whitman's Print-Collector's Handbook.* Sixth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With Additional Chapters by MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

AN essential volume in every art-lover's library was Whitman's "Print Collector's Handbook," out of date though it had long become. Edition after edition proved it. But that it required complete revision—"a scouring revision"—even poor Whitman realised during the long illness that ended by robbing the British Museum of one of its most helpful guides and one of the best friends of the public, which is eulogy, for no man who has had to work in the print-room but has found the lords of that realm most helpful and kindly guides. Whitman stood out even in such company. The publishers must have known some heart-searchings as to whom to entrust with the revision; and the volume that now emerges proves them to have been inspired—in Mr. Malcolm Salaman they have found an

ideal re-writer of the book, which will be sought after by every collector. I know no better work to put into the hands of the man about to launch on this fascinating hobby. I have tested the book from end to end, without petty search for slips of the pen; and it is pleasant to find a man writing upon the subject with the breadth of sympathy and looking upon it with the largeness of vision that Mr. Salaman has brought to his labour of love. It is true, as it is inevitable, that the author walks too much in the harness of so-called "experts" and bookish men; but even here he breaks from servitude so frequently that we feel a personality behind all that he writes. The moderns he is inclined to rate at their high value—and he *will* rate them higher the day that he shuts up other men's books and regards their work fearlessly, for he has the right stuff in him.

The greatest living lithographer—probably the supreme lithographer of all time—is the Frenchman Steinlen; to miss that is to miss the whole significance of the thing. Mr. Salaman seems never to have heard of Old Crawhall, one of the supreme masters of pure woodcut, whose pupils and disciples to-day are amongst the greatest masters of the craft. Yet it must count for righteousness to Mr. Salaman that he seems to realise the splendour of Gordon Craig, one of the finest artists in the woodcut that we have ever known. Craig and Nicholson were inspired through Pryde from Old Crawhall. And the younger men like Lovat Fraser are their kin. Again, whilst Mr. Salaman pays a little bookish-taught homage to some lesser men in lithography and etching, at heart it is good to see that he feels the greater majesty of Brangwyn in both these realms. In these things alone he steps forward at a stride as a greater authority than the men whom he too modestly quotes. But whilst Mr. Salaman renders somewhat too much to fashion, even estimating works of art by the dealer's scales, he should realise that the work of Seymour Haden will drop in value as inevitably as the masterwork of such as Brangwyn will rise, nevertheless the whole balance of the book is extraordinarily just; and the sense of proportion is excellent—all the more excellent when it is realised that so small a space had to hold so vast a subject. It is a pleasure to praise so sound a piece of work; nor must the publishers be passed over, since they have loyally supported the man of their choice with the right illustrations scattered plentifully throughout this valuable volume, a thorough and workmanlike volume that does credit to all concerned in it. HALDANE MACFALL.

### Shorter Reviews

*Leading Figures in European History.* By R. P. DUNN PATTISON, M.A. (Rivingtons. 6s. net.)

M. R. PATTISON'S object in writing this book has been to present to the general reader, and to all who do not specialise in European history, "a succession of sketches of the leading

figures of the past, illustrating the growth of ideas and principles which have contributed to form present-day Europe." In his selection he has been guided not so much by the greatness of his hero as by his representativeness of the period to which he belonged. Thus no two contemporaries have in any instance been chosen, and some of Mr. Pattison's heroes are not men who are in the forefront of European history. Mr. Pattison also has been careful not to include any English name in his list. With such a programme before him the author has had an almost inexhaustible field wherein to work, and no fault can, on the whole, be found with his selection. His opening figure is Charlemagne. Next comes a less known hero, Richard the Fearless of Normandy, and after him Hildebrand and Philip Augustus of France. Other names that stand out in Mr. Pattison's narrative are as varied in their spheres of action as Luther, Columbus, Lorenzo de' Medici, Frederick the Great, Louis XIV, and Cavour. The biographical sketches are connected one with the other by brief narratives of the events which intervened between the different epochs with which Mr. Pattison deals in detail. To the ordinary reader the most interesting of these sketches are those which deal with men and events nearest to his own time. Of these that on Bismarck certainly deserves as much attention as any of the others. Without proceeding to inordinate length Mr. Pattison brings out very clearly this statesman's complex character and complicated policy, and enables his readers to gain a fair and clear estimate of the politics of Prussia of last century. The author's style may be described as similar to that of a popular lecturer.

*Among Congo Cannibals.* By JOHN H. WEEKS. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

THE travel works of missionaries have of late years taken an important place in literature. Mr. Weeks' contribution to the already lengthy list is a notable one, breathing out as it does a tale of adventure, peril, and varied experiences among the Boloki tribe in the land of the Congo. It must not be thought that because the book is the work of a missionary, it is intended for those interested in missionary endeavour alone. It has been written for the general public, and he who fails to open its pages will undoubtedly be the loser of much information won at a terrible cost. The chronicles of those who go out among really savage humanity cannot fail to be enthralling, and Mr. Weeks, though he does not deal in horrors for horror's sake, has some terrible scenes to portray. Here is a passage which describes the return of a victorious tribe from battle:—

While we were sitting at our tea the last party of returning warriors filed past our house, carrying the limbs of those who had been slain in the fight. Some had human legs over their shoulders, others had threaded arms through slits in the stomachs of their dismembered foes, and had tied the ends of the arms together, thus forming loops, and through these ghastly loops they had thrust their own living arms

and were carrying them thus with the gory trunks dangling to and fro. . . . The sight worked on our nerves, and in the night we would start from our sleep, having seen in our dreams exaggerated processions passing before us burdened with sanguinary loads of slain and dismembered bodies.

This was not surprising! Surely few scenes more ghastly have ever been pictured. It was among folk such as these that Mr. Weeks pursued his work, and the author, dealing with the lighter hours of these strange people as well as with the moments of tragedy, has produced a volume which is not only absorbing in itself, but which must be considered as one of the most valuable contributions of modern times to the knowledge concerning the anthropology of a portion of Africa that is still very dark.

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*Handbook of Idiomatic English as now Written and Spoken.* Containing Idioms, Phrases, and Locutions collected by JOHN KIRKPATRICK, M.A. (Boyveau and Chevillet, Paris. 4s. net.)

*A Combined Concordance to the Bible.* (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)

*A Dictionary of Argot (French-English).* By W. VON KNOBLAUCH. (George Routledge and Sons. 1s. net.)

PROFESSOR KIRKPATRICK'S "Handbook," the result of long experience and study, is intended to help students and travellers of all nationalities to speak and to write English correctly. The author lays no claim to his work being exhaustive, but it certainly contains a lengthy and carefully-selected list of such words and phrases in everyday use which are idiomatic, and which are rarely to be found in any ordinary grammar or dictionary. The various idioms given have long been stamped as "English" by popular or literary usage, or by historical tradition, and they are adequately explained in the "Handbook" by synonymous or analogous phrases. The addition of some of the best-known proverbs and quotations from more or less ancient authors, but solely those in daily modern use, still further serves to familiarise the reader with this important branch of the English language. In the matter of pronunciation needful help is given by means of phonetic and other symbols in a section devoted to the subject and throughout the body of the work; while a few exercises in the appendix sum up most of its difficulties.

The latest addition to "Nelson's Encyclopædic Library" is "A Combined Concordance to the Bible," a volume of nearly 600 pages, comprising also a Dictionary of Proper Names and a Subject Index. To facilitate ready reference the headings of each section are respectively distinguished by a different style of type, while obsolete and ambiguous words are explained. The text of the Authorised Version, with the most important changes of the Revised Version, and all the changes of proper names in the latter, are given, together with various renderings preferred by the American com-

mittee. It is a valuable work of reference within the reach of all.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons' tiny volume—it is so small it could be carried in a waistcoat pocket—must not be judged by its size, for it will prove most useful to students of French. There are, of course, more ambitious and more expensive works on the same subject, but the amount of information contained in the hundred and odd pages before us will prove, we believe, quite sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

*A History of the British Nation, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By A. D. INNES. Illustrated. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN this massive volume of a thousand royal octavo pages, embellished with some four hundred illustrations and maps, chiefly from contemporary sources, we have a truly monumental "History of the British Nation" which does justice to its subject. It is no dry-as-dust chronicle intended for the use of youthful scholars—indeed, its size alone forbids it a place in the satchel of "the whining schoolboy . . . creeping like snail unwillingly to school." On the contrary, Mr. Innes, well known as an historical expert, especially of the Tudor period, has produced a brightly written narrative of the growth of the British nation from the earliest to the present time, which cannot fail to appeal to everyone who understands or wishes to understand and enjoy our empire's story. The contemporary illustrations selected by Mr. S. G. Stubbs derive an additional value from his descriptive and historical notes; and there are fifty maps to further elucidate the text. The publishers boast that they are offering a 30s. book for 3s. 6d., and there is no denying that it is a marvel of cheapness which should meet with a large and ready sale.

*Revelations.* By ROBERT BRYANT. (Stephen Swift and Co. 5s. net.)

THE first part of this book consists of various maxims, learnt, so the author tells us, "from Elizabetus, my nurse," and from various other people as time went on. It is not stated whether or no all these pearls of wisdom were followed. Probably they were sifted, or some taken and others left. There does not appear to be anything very new or original in them; we think we have read similar things in a Book very much older than Mr. Bryant's.

"Dona Deorum," Part II, is much more interesting, and tells of youths and maidens as they go to crave their chosen gifts from the gods. There is, however, about the book rather too much an air of rewards for good people and punishment for bad. Not that we would wish the sentences reversed, but it is better that these little matters should be delicately implied than baldly stated.

## Fiction

*Sally.* By DOROTHEA CONVERS. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

**S**ALLY is a charming, irrepressible little person who makes friends with everyone, and weaves a romance for herself with every man she meets. She counts, as she thinks, at least three strings to her bow, and as each fails her she turns for support and comfort to a guide very suitable to take charge of her wayward person. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland, and one or two hunts are described in excellent fashion. If there is a weak spot in the book, it is in the easy way in which the man who had been a recluse for years, who never spoke, conveying all his wishes and commands by writing, and even went to the extent of engaging a dumb footman, not only allows Sally to join him in the hunt, but sends her a note of the next meeting, and soon after asks her to tea. With this reservation, the remainder of the book makes most exhilarating reading; there is no lack of real Irish humour, and a healthy and invigorating atmosphere pervades the story.

*Left in Charge.* By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. (John Long. 6s.)

THROUGHOUT this story there are two quite distinct and separate parts; on the one hand there is the story connected almost entirely with the people at the rectory and their immediate neighbours; on the other we are given glimpses of the villagers and the lives they lead, but these latter folk have little or no bearing on the plot. It is hard to say which of the two portions we like the better. In their different ways both are good. The vicar's daughter is wonderfully well drawn, and her outburst to her brother when he, in his selfishness, reviles her on the narrow life she leads is very human, and reveals the pent-up passion of a girl who longed for a wider scope, but was restrained by a keen sense of duty. The shepherd, and Jim Thatcher, the poacher, are interesting specimens of their class, and with others fall under the influence of the energetic young priest who is left in charge while the vicar takes an enforced rest. The results of his ministrations the reader must see for himself, and in doing so he will spend a very enjoyable time.

*Old Brent's Daughter.* By HELEN C. ROBERTS. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

THIS is a rather disappointing novel. It is an incongruous blend of realism and romanticism. When, in Chapter I, Roden Scardeville, schoolmaster, meets Lucy Brent, schoolmistress, in a railway train at Lausanne, the reader feels morally certain that, before the book is finished, these twain shall be made one. Nor is the reader disappointed. In the meanwhile, however, there are cross-currents in the stream of love. For Scardeville is a member of an ancient and honourable county family, while Lucy is but the daughter of a

village butcher. In the end love proves stronger than class distinctions, and triumphant virtue gains its own. So far the story moves along the approved lines, and so far it is entirely satisfactory. The author has a quite delicate sense of humour, and her studies of lower middle-class society in a small Sussex town are admirably done. It is when Miss Roberts attempts to deal with the deeper passions of man that she fails so lamentably. Hugh Ridsdale will deceive no one. A young man who regards murder as a mere episode in the day's work has no existence outside Bedlam—or the imagination of the lady-novelist. Equally unconvincing is the villainous Harvey Watson. Our English villages are not peopled with human monsters. We advise Miss Roberts to shun sensationalism. As a chronicler of small happenings she is charming. When, however, she aspires to scale the dizzy heights of melodrama, she achieves a tediousness which has to be read to be believed.

*The Upas Tree.* By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. Coloured Frontispiece. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN "The Upas Tree" Mrs. Barclay tells a powerful and moving story which will take a front place amongst the novels of the present publishing season. Love, music, literature, medicine, and evil passions are freely exploited by her facile pen in a way that keeps the reader's attention continuously on the *qui-vive* throughout this Christmas Story of Love Triumphant. There are the usual loving married couple and the villain who does his best to estrange them, though on this occasion he is overcome by remorse and confesses his sins. There is also "the deadly, mysterious, poisonous upas tree," which the husband encounters in the jungle in Central Africa, with dire results to himself. He has gone thither in search of a vivid and correct setting for his new novel, and, having camped one night beneath the fatal tree, he returns to civilisation with a diseased mind, a prey to constant nightmares, due to "some subtle malarial poison." But perhaps the most engrossing part of the story is that describing some psychical phenomena in which a violoncello, an old Florentine chair, and a huge mirror, together with two men and a woman of a century before play weird parts. Helen, the wife, is a fine portrait of a noble woman.

### Shorter Notices

MR. STACPOOLE has caught the spirit of the time of which he writes in "THE STREET OF THE FLUTE PLAYER" (John Murray, 6s.). He has reconstructed Great Athens for us, and shown us that the men and women of old Greece were people of like passions to ourselves, yet different in that they lived in a younger world. The virility of the book impresses one; the keen Athenian wit is faithfully reproduced, and there are passages that bubble and sparkle like good old wine. The one draw-

back is that there is rather a slow opening; we are given rather too much of Pheidon, a fisher lad, before we reach through to Diomed, the Athenian aristocrat, whose love for Nitetus, the banker's daughter, brought about his doom and hers. Having read the first six chapters, we are forced on from incident to incident, from scene to scene lighted by the true spirit of romance, until the great tragedy of the end leaves us almost appalled. These two characters of Diomed and Nitetus are faithfully and consistently portrayed, as is that of Pheidon, the half wild fisher lad. For the rest, the book has the fine quality of inevitability; there was no other solution to the problem which Diomed set himself than that which the author gives. Greek in conception, setting and execution, the book is arresting in quality, and stands high out of the rut of modern novels.

As a period in which to set romances the end of the eighteenth century is somewhat outworn, but the story which Miss Fox has to tell in "THE BOUNTIFUL HOUR" (John Lane, 6s.) is one that never grows old, and the telling thereof is accomplished in an entertaining manner. The characters are not flung at us ready made, but are traced from early childhood; thus we feel that we grow into these lives, especially with that of Charlotte, the heroine, who is a woman born before her time, if she is to be judged by her acts. The ultimate sacrifice which she makes in order to go with the man of her choice is outlined for us in a piece of very fine writing, and in the unconventional end she retains all our sympathy. There is little excuse so far as can be seen for introducing Newton and the poet Cowper in the earlier chapters; their presence serves no definite purpose—they are rather irrelevant to the story itself. Still, there is sufficient of merit in it to atone for any slight defects, and the book may be considered as a welcome addition to the fiction of the year.

Mr. Whitham sets out to disprove the truth of the axiom that men make their own fates, and while the spell of his book remains, he succeeds; reflection convinces the reader, however, that he has failed, for both Casel and Clem, the twin brothers in "BROOM" (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.), made their own fates, with the help of the inevitable woman. With this as a first book, its author should go far, if he will only avoid split infinitives and remember that "different to" reads badly. He is addicted, also, to a certain grandiloquence of expression, and evinces a liking for such words as "impulsion" for "impulse," and "incidents of exemplification" in place of "examples." As the story concerns simple country people, dwelling in rural atmosphere, such instances of over-expression are doubly noticeable. We shall await Mr. Whitham's next book with interest, for in spite of its faults this sombre story compels attention until its last page is turned. The hopeless outlook at the end, the apparent desire to indicate the barrenness of life and futility of effort, are features of this work which we trust the author will endeavour to suppress in future, for it is of little use to point out the evils of life, unless one can suggest a palliative; we shall never look to a man of Mr. Whitham's temperament for a remedy.

One must fain confess to some disappointment in "SIMON BRANDIN" (John Murray, 6s.), for from Mr. Neuman's previous work we expected something above the average of the usual sensational novels which deal with modern Russia. It is to be feared, however, that there is very little reason to prefer the present story to any of the numerous other volumes of imaginative sensation with which the habitual novel-reader is regaled when he turns to Russia as a relaxation from Mayfair. In one aspect, however, of the subject with which he deals, Mr. Neumann carries conviction, and that is when he deals with the persecution of the Jews in Russia. Otherwise the narrative gives the impression of being crude, unreal, and unconvincing.

"THE GUILTY MAN," by François Coppée, translated by Helen Ruth Davis (Greening and Co., 6s.), is not a pleasant story, and as a novel it cannot be considered a success. The book, in fact, reads in parts more as a sociological treatise than as a work of fiction. The story is for the most part unconvincing, and the characterisation can properly be described only as crude. Yet at times the author is extremely powerful and rises to exceptional heights of eloquence. Pathetic eloquence, in fact, rather than skill in telling a story, strikes the critic of this piece of work. The book is in reality a commentary on that portion of the Decalogue which threatens the children with visitation on account of the iniquities of their ancestors, and thus it is not only a tragedy, except for the last chapter, but also leaves a bitter taste in the mouth.

No small amount of dramatic skill is displayed in the handling of the situations in "THE ORDEAL OF SILENCE" (John Long, 6s.), and the problem of a man whose youth has been spent in a hothouse atmosphere from which has been rigidly excluded all suspicion of vice, and even all feminine personalities, works itself out in an interesting fashion. This is inevitably followed by the compensating outbreaks which the first contact with the real and outer world engenders. With the advent of the "rare pale Margaret" we are led into purity, complications, and a whirlwind of "chic" society, which will doubtless cause the book to be read with avidity by those who possess no opportunity of knowing the socially important at first hand. We have a faint suspicion, however, that to those who move in the circles described the work will prove less convincing. But it is the larger public which is the more profitable.

## The Theatre

### "Tantrums" at the Criterion

HERE is an ingenious idea in Mr. Frank Stayton's play, and the first act, which ends with the marriage of the modern Petruchio and Kate, goes as merrily as bells should at that service. In the first act, too, Mr. O. B. Clarence and Miss Nellie Bouvier make the parents of the rather ill-bred, shrewish young lady, Virginia (Miss

Marjorie Day) very amusing. And Miss Christine Silver, as their younger daughter, and Mr. John Deverell, as her cleverly stupid lover, all help to make us hope for better things. Unfortunately, the idea that the young husband, an American millionaire, who begins by telling the ill-tempered Virginia that she ought to be spanked three times a day, and ends by being entirely transformed into a "door-mat" by her, is not clearly or well developed. Still, there are many amusing situations, and all the characters are as admirably acted as their parts will permit. For the easily pleased playgoer who can believe in the violent changes that overtake Virginia, Miss Day, and Charles Vansittart, Mr. Charles Maude, there must be a feast of fun in store. That there remain such playgoers in large masses was clearly shown by the long run of "Ann," a play produced under the same management, which one hardly dared to think would reward its producers. In "Tantrums" the story is perhaps rather more possible, and the acting is certainly more sincere throughout the cast. It must be owned, however, that Mr. Stayton does not make the best of his acting material, and throws away his excellent friends of the first act—and they are heard no more. This is, in a way, like life, but it is not wise from the point of view of stagecraft. It is to be hoped that the author may not be other than heartened to higher efforts by the reception of his present play. Those who seriously considered even the least effective parts of "Tantrums"—the name, for example, is trivial, and suitable only to the first act—must have concluded that he possessed the qualities necessary for the writing of a really interesting comedy. He has had a good chance this time with an excellent group of players; next time, we feel sure, he will advance much nearer to complete success.

### "The Only Way" at the Hippodrome

THIS is by no means Miss Fannie Ward's first play, and I am glad to hear that she is shortly to follow it with a larger effort elsewhere. In the meantime it may be noted that Miss Ward has developed immensely as an actress of late. Her present character, that of an American girl reporter, who breaks into the house of a doubtful financier—and lies, and lies, and lies—is not an agreeable one or very real. But Miss Ward grasps her nettle, and, with the aid of Mr. Dean and Mr. Ames, makes Mr. Megrue's very American little play swing along very smartly, greatly to the satisfaction of the Hippodrome audience. This theatre, by the way, appears to be particularly devoted to the rather obvious qualities of American humour. After listening here to the rich charm of Leoncavallo's entralling music in "Pagliacci" or "Zingari," it is a little difficult to submit to the harsh methods of the "American Rag-Time Octette." I should think these eight gentlemen had uttered the last cry in regard to this unfortunate craze, and that in future, having brought the matter to its zenith of hurry and noise, it may be allowed to drift into the limbo that eagerly awaits such vulgar absurdities.

## The New "Revue" at the New Alhambra

THIS form of entertainment, which Mr. George Grossmith calls, with the appropriate irrelevant note, "Kill That Fly," has at last come to dwell among us and make its home here. For years most people who know the past delights of Parisian *revues* have again and again urged someone to give us brilliant and amusing satire in this, the most easy-going and casual of forms. Many have tried, and most have failed completely. The nearest approaches to victory were, first, long ago, "Under the Clock," and, secondly, some scenes in the various performances of the Follies. The immense phantasmagoria of futile fooling which Mr. Grossmith puts together always enables one to hope that something amusing will happen, and one waits quite cheerfully, but somehow the great point is never made. The fun peters out, the laughter merely mocks at merriment. It is curious that so much care, such vast expense, such an inordinate amount of effort should produce results of such modest value. That there will be found plenty of bright music, crowds of lovely ladies, energetic comedians, and clever tableaux is, of course, understood; but, with all this gorgeous background, how welcome a little genuine wit would be! Fortunately there are moments that are engaging. The "Lucille" song in "Robes et Modes" seems, as do some of the other incidents, a little like advertisement, but it is very charmingly done, very gay and neat. And then the shadowgraph interlude is beyond praise. In this the most agreeable dancers appear to spring from the stage over the heads of the audience, becoming mysterious giants, after a manner which is at once simple and beautiful. This dance, doubtless already ages old, holds the audience far more firmly than, say, the pointless tableau of "The Maitres d'Hôtel," or the weak attempt to satirise an American musical comedy. But the *revue* form is the most plastic of all stage productions, and, no doubt, long before these lines are in print, Mr. Grossmith, Mr. Leveaux, Mr. Charlot, and eight or nine other gentlemen connected with "Kill That Fly," will have added the touch of wit, the drop of vital essence, which will give life and merriment to the *revue* as a whole, and joy will reign in the box-office of the New Alhambra.

EGAN MEW.

## The Morris Dancers

**I**N going to see Mr. Cecil Sharp's School of Morris Dancing at Stratford-on-Avon we went in a frankly sceptical spirit. We were glad we did so, for it is always more satisfactory to have one's hostility overridden than to have lurking in the mind a suspicion that the mind was too suddenly caught into enthusiasm. Nor did we go, as it is conceivable that many go, out of a stirring love for an old English ideal. A difference of nationality held one immune from that. Moreover,

to fulfil the account, we did not go because we had been stirred by the previous and other Morris dances we had seen. We had been somewhat less than stirred.

We went because we were taken. And to give the brief of the matter at the outset, we came away with feelings as different from enthusiasm as thoughtfulness is different from praise. For there was something about some of the dances we saw that took us back to the days when wonder and awe were things alive on the earth. In our pride of what we are pleased to call civilisation—without a moment's examination of what we mean by civilisation—we prefer to think that the earlier inhabitants of the world were ingenious people with an itch for turning things into tales and myths—having, presumably, no better occupation for their minds than tale-telling and hunting. We never imagine that they believed in their Nature-beings. We should be astonished to think that they saw, with the two eyes in their heads, these Nature-beings, and that they caught them within their sight by means of certain rituals and symbols which were therefore to them the agencies of power, authority, and worship. Caught in great cities full of puny souls, we have no sense of the mighty Beings that are abroad, with wonder and splendour in their train, none the less because we, by the choice of an automatic and intellectual order of Life, have cancelled our sight of them.

Sometimes, under the oppression of the little imaginations of modern life, we lament the loss of splendour in Being; yet we never stop to inquire how it is that splendour has been lost, or how it may possibly be regained. And some of these dances made one think that its recovery need not be so difficult or so remote as it might appear. The function of the old rituals obviously was, as we have said, to perpetuate by enshrining the high moods once experienced. Poetry, when it does not forget itself and become a mere matter of direct statement or intellectual inquiry, elaborates its own new rituals, of metaphor, tone and phrase, for the same end. If we could pass ourselves through one of these ancient rituals presumably it would be possible to recover the old emotions of wonder and awe.

It is not at all a question of old England; nor is it merely a question of nationality or archaeology. Whatever of this may prevail at Mr. Sharp's school is, to our way of thinking, a necessary or unnecessary impediment. We saw some dozen to fifteen dances; dances for men, dances for women, and dances for men and women; dances for as few as two, and dances for as many as eight. These were all covered by the wide term of "Morris-dances." Moreover, whether they were Moorish in origin does not, in the main, matter. For ourselves, we do not think they were. We think with Mr. E. K. Chambers that the origin of the name Morris was because the dancers were in the habit of blacking their faces, and so came to look Moorish; and that they blacked their faces for the same reasons that the old Greek dancers wore masks, on the principle that with a mask on his face and good wine in his veins there were no heights a man could not reach, free of

recognition and consequent self-consciousness. It was the dances themselves that mattered; and they mattered in varying degrees.

There was one in particular. The name of it we do not know; probably it has no name. It was undertaken by eight men; and as it passed through its ritual there was no doubt as to what it implied, though it would not be so easy to put down the whole implication in words. It was something beyond the reach of words; at least, beyond the reach of words used logically and intellectually, and not used ritually as in the highest poetry. One could see quite clearly the old majestic Druids on the green sward passing through that mighty beat and measure. A certain well-known actor was sitting beside us; and, without any previous interchange of words, he said to us at the conclusion, "How would you feel if you were the sacrifice, though?" It was not a little remarkable to think that we should both have caught the same mood from the passing of the ritual. And one could imagine, too, if the sacrifice were a human one, that he or she would not have gone to the death without a feeling of exaltation and triumph.

It was not a sword dance. To judge from emotions, which are the only possible guide in the matter, the sword dances, with all their wonder and intricacy, were something considerably less primitive. For example, we do not think it would have been possible for anyone there to have associated them with a human sacrifice. They clearly demanded animal sacrifices, whereas the other, with all its majestic fierceness, had far more of terror in it. The intricacy of the sword dances, their perfect timing and organisation, was wonderful. And the precise moment when the sacrifice was slain, as the dancers moved out of their figure, still holding their swords, and lined out with a long, sharp action of their blades, was quite clear to see. But they had not the simplicity of the other. In it there was little intricacy; indeed, it was not easy to see how the mystical effect was achieved, though in that it only partook of the eternal mystery of Art.

There were others, too, catching lighter and less fierce moods. There were moods of gaiety and moods of riot. It was curious to notice that the fiercer, primitive moods were in dances rendered by men. It was also noticeable that the sexual element, as given in some of the dances of early Southern Europe, was absent. Some of the dances were sexual; but there was not the note of riotous abandon in them, attesting the northern origin of them. Yet it was the fiercer Druidical dances that had the highest spiritual import. Were one to participate in such a dance, and continue it till physical exhaustion, what extraordinary spiritual mood would it not produce?

DARRELL FIGGIS.

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Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce the publication in the beginning of the year of "Charles Dickens: Social Reformer," by Mr. W. Walter Crotch, who was the founder of the Dickens Fellowship, now 20,000 strong, as well as the editor, some ten years ago, of *Household Words*.

## Melodrama versus Music-Drama: A Protest

THE music-drama owes its origin to a remarkable discovery made by Richard Wagner. Just as Plato once discovered that, whatever man could do, woman could do also, and on this theory built up a new system of social organisation, so Wagner discovered that, whatever language can do, music can do likewise, and on this theory built up a new form of Art. "The eternal right of women to grow beards," as Mr. Barrie has pleasantly expressed it, is now the watchword of a great political movement, and the eternal right of music to represent or to attempt to represent any and every notion which language can convey is the basis of a great artistic movement. No music is considered to-day up to date which does not attempt to portray natural phenomena with the minuteness of the painter and spiritual phenomena with the subtlety of the novelist.

There are many reasons against acquiescing in this view of the office of music. In the first place, it is clear that the aim of all art is the same: to excite feeling. This, which music does directly, literature does indirectly by means of ideas; and the worth of these ideas is neither more nor less than the worth of the feelings which they arouse. Feeling is the grain and ideas are but the coin which we value for its power to purchase grain. Now, it would be strange if music which commands the true grain of emotion should desire to change it for the coin of ideas, in order that it may be exchanged a second time and at a great loss for its equivalent in feeling.

Moreover, if music can convey ideas, it cannot convey them with the same clearness and precision as language. Now, when music is united with language as in the music-drama, it must either convey the same ideas as the language or different ideas. If it conveys different ideas, it will merely produce confusion in the mind of the listener. If it conveys the same ideas, the same thing will be stated in two ways, of which the second is far less clear and effective than the first, which is absurd. Let us consider the case of another art which appeals to the mind simultaneously through two different channels: the scenic drama. The forms of natural objects can be translated to the mind by verbal description or by scenic representation. Let us suppose that a dramatist wishes to convey to his audience the idea of a wood. If the drama was being enacted on bare boards, it would be legitimate for the dramatist to give his audience a verbal description of the scene which was in his mind, but if he had employed a scene-painter to work out his fancies in paint and canvas it would be absurd to give by word of mouth a detailed description of those objects which were already present in perfect clearness to the eyes of his audience. He would be employing a slow and ineffective method to supplement a quick and effective one.

On the other hand, there are moments in any good tragedy in which the thing to be conveyed transcends the utterance of words. It is the fundamental weakness

of the ordinary drama that the movement of dialogue or soliloquy must never cease from the first moment to the last, although it is a fact that in moments of great emotion men do not express themselves in eloquent prose or verse, or indeed in any articulate sounds at all. If the reader has witnessed the progress of a melodrama in that now fast-decaying institution, the threepenny gaff, and observed the part played in these performances by the young lady at the piano, he will have a better idea of the true and natural marriage of melody and drama than he will derive from any opera of Wagner. Through the greater part of the piece the music is silent, but just at that moment, when the emotional tension is approaching its maximum, when the capacity of language and gesture to excite our sympathy is taxed to the uttermost, although our emotion must rise yet higher or fall miserably into the abyss of bathos; when we must either weep or laugh, and language has failed to make us weep, at that moment music intervenes with a few poignant chords from the piano, a few bars of mellifluous melody; and in a moment all earthy impediments drop from our souls—the awkward mouthing of the hero, the daubed cheeks of the heroine, the stilted prose of the dramatist—for the time all are forgotten; by the magic of sound our souls are held aloft till the moment of peril is passed. Music has come to the aid of her faltering sister at the moment when no other could save her, and having executed her modest but essential part, retires from view, and the drama proceeds quietly as before.

Contrast this with the obstreperous, insistent, irrelevant, irrepressible orchestra in an opera of Wagner. No passage is so essentially ambulant and commonplace but it must be punctuated with bombastic chords and futile scales; no situation is so transparently clear, but music must intrude with pointless comments and explanations, which delay everything and advance nothing. Hence a drama of Wagner seems like a prolonged struggle between the desire of the drama to proceed and the determination of the orchestra that it shall not proceed till music has had her say on every point as it arises, no matter how inane her utterances on most of the things under discussion.

Wagner was, perhaps, the greatest musician that ever lived, and one of the ablest dramatists, and if his greatness in the latter capacity is often overlooked, it is because he employed one of his great gifts to neutralise the other. It may be doubted whether anyone for this reason ever enjoyed one of Wagner's later operas at the first hearing; the constant succession of musical explosions, crescendos and alarms, which accompany the action of the piece exhaust the emotions of the hearer long before the great crises are reached. It is not till we have learnt to beware of these false alarms and to reserve our store of sensibility for the great moments that we can extract the maximum of pleasure from the whole.

In short, the whole attempt to make music and drama play a game of follow-my-leader is doomed to undignified failure, by reason of the complete dissimilarity of

their gait. Music has wings, but no feet; she must either fly or flounder, and it is an ill service to urge her clumsily for hours along the level road, where she has no room to spread her wings. Not emulation, but division of labour is the basis of all harmonious co-operation, whether in life or in Art. JOHN RIVERS.

## Indian Reviews

THE dull season has left its mark on the *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) of September 11-18. The Indian Government have had recourse, perhaps more frequently lately, to Press *communiqués* as a means of removing popular misapprehensions. The editor deprecates the issue of such communications when executive officers are censured by the Law Courts. But the Government are morally bound to protect their officers: misapprehensions uncorrected are believed to be correct. It is disappointing to read that a conference of fifty pundits took retrogressive views on such questions of social reform as sea-voyages, deferred marriages, readmission of repentant converts: social reforms constitute India's present need. An Englishman recommends that the people of India should be taught to finance their own railways. This is a counsel of perfection. Opportunities of making railways and investing in them have been afforded, and the natives have not accepted them. Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, aged eighty-eight, continues to advocate the Colonial form of self-government for India. He will never learn now. The Calcutta Marwaris have done well in founding a college for their community at a cost of £60,000. Demonstrative teaching of agriculture in the vernacular suitable to farmers is the right line for an agricultural college.

The *Collegian* (Calcutta), No. I, for September, has nothing very exciting, but the education of India is a prolific topic, and there are always new developments. The last scheme is for a medical college for women at Delhi, the new Capital, to include Lady Hardinge's project for a school for training Indian women as nurses and midwives. Subscriptions are being received. This is a good move, and not the only one. A college for women is contemplated at Dacca, and more girls' schools are to be opened by Government in Madras. Papers on the teaching of science and the contributions specially addressed to students supply ample material for the reader's instruction, if he has time and inclination to peruse them.

The *Herald of Revolt*, Savarkar issue (London) for October is an astonishing production. It calls itself "an organ of the coming social revolution," and has a picture of "Savarkar, the Hindu Patriot, who will be released from the Andamans Prison, December 24, 1960" (sic). This is the person who, after escaping temporarily from a P. and O. steamer at Marseilles, was recaptured, tried in India on various charges (waging war against the King, etc.) under the Penal Code, and sentenced nearly two years ago to transportation for life. The whole journal is a tirade against all govern-

ment and all concerned with the Savarkar case. It is not stated whether copies are furnished to the India Office and the Government of India, who ought to know of this publication.

The *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) for September continues its historical inquiry into the employment of natives of India in the public service, and shows a remarkable acquaintance with the official literature and the proceedings in Parliament connected with the subject. The House of Commons in 1893 passed a Resolution in favour of simultaneous examinations in England and India, which no political party has ever found itself able to enforce. An article on Christianity in India, by a Hindu, explains the author's antagonism in twenty-nine statements, with a number of comments. To meet the issues raised by such a writer a volume would be required. In spite of official explanations by Lord Crewe—whose name is persistently mis-spelt—that nothing like colonial government was ever intended in a dispatch, a writer harps on the subject of provincial autonomy, and asserts that the best efforts will be directed towards its development on the wider lines of the Dominions. Some people will not take "No" for an answer. The paper, among the reviews, on "The Sacred Books of the Hindus" announces the publication at Allahabad of this new series. The object is to propagate Hindu literature, and apparently the contributors are among the best-known native scholars in India. The English method of literal translation, with notes, is said to have been followed. A collection of recent works on China and Chinese problems is analysed, and will be useful to students of Oriental politics.

## At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WHENEVER a public man gets hauled over the coals for a rash remark in a speech, he has one unfailing refuge—he can always blame the unfortunate reporters for not being sufficiently proficient in shorthand; this is what Masterman-ever-Ready sought to do on Wednesday when Wolmer accused the Secretary of the Treasury of taking sides in the war. Asquith did not protect his young friend much, and added severely: "I say most emphatically that the attitude of his Majesty's Government in the war is one of strict neutrality, and it is the duty of Ministers and of everybody else to use no language inconsistent with that neutrality."

The doctors have beaten Lloyd George. They stood out for 8s. 6d. He artfully offered the same sum, but it is inclusive, and has so many conditions tacked on to it that it is not nearly so good as it looks. However, it is a substantial rise, and it is a question whether the doctors will not be wise to accept it. They have presented an unbroken front hitherto, but it will be difficult to maintain, in face of the undoubtedly substantial increase they have wrung from him.

These two subjects having been dealt with, Home Rule was continued. It is impossible in a short sketch like this to give even the briefest account of the intricate questions involved in the amendments. The dreary and bitter controversy arising over sectarian jealousy, which is one of the great difficulties of the whole question, is always skulking in the background, ever and anon to lift its ugly head and rouse fierce passions. "If Irishmen were all Roman Catholics or all Protestants, there would be no Irish question," said a leading statesman to me many years ago. I do not myself go as far as this, as I think the Irish temperament has as much to do with it; but it is clear that religious passion smoulders.

Birrell is a most irresponsible talker. Masterman blamed the reporters for not taking down his speech correctly: it is a marvel to me how anyone ever reports Birrell. I counted three sentences this afternoon, and they were five, six, and seven minutes long; sentences, I mean, without a full stop, but also full of parentheses and parentheses inside them. He rattles on, too, at such a rate that he makes most amusing blunders. For instance—"I hope it will not be thought I am doing this at the bidding of our leaders—I mean our Irish friends." The Opposition roared at this accidental revelation of the truth.

At the next amendment William Moore read out extracts from speeches made by various Nationalists in the past—before the days "when they all love Jack," he repeated tauntingly. This always leads to ructions, and Lynch made a lame excuse for a recent speech. "All right," said Moore, "I'll leave it at this: You fought for the Boers against us; you came here and were convicted of treason, and now you have been given a safe Nationalist seat."

Vengeance had been vowed against soldiers and police, and the Opposition were defeated in the lobbies in their attempts to protect them.

It is very aggravating to think that no amount of argument—however unanswerable it may be, and however much it may remain unanswered—has the slightest effect in changing the opinions of the majority. They voted solidly all the time at the direction of the party Whips. Take Thursday, for instance. There was an amendment to the effect that the executive control should remain at Westminster. Balfour, Bonar Law, and Walter Long riddled the present proposals, and showed the absurdity of them. The Irish Parliament was to be responsible for law and order, and yet for six long years they were not to have control of the police. Power was no use without force behind it. Mr. Balfour sketched the position of an unhappy Lord Lieutenant confronted with an Irish Government who resigned. He could call on no one to take their place; he would be forced to take the advice of the Imperial Government, and a deadlock between the two Houses of Parliament must ensue. Even angels could not avoid friction under such a scheme, said Carson. Rufus Isaacs thought he had scored a point when he said: "You would grant a Home Rule Parliament with far greater rights and

powers." "Yes," said Bonar Law boldly, "if you turn Ireland into a self-governing colony, then we know where we are, but this is a hybrid monster—neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring." The Irish want control without interference, and also want all the money they can get out of the British taxpayer; in addition to this, they want to tax industrious Ulster, who declares she will never submit to be governed by an Irish Parliament.

Herbert Samuel and Rufus Isaacs fought gallantly, but all the arguments were convincingly on the side of the Opposition, and the Coalition looked glum until the guillotine fell, and we were once more voted down by large majorities. I am glad to think that there are so many Unionists absent and not taking part in this farce; they are doing far better service talking up and down the country and putting the facts before the electors in their true light—spade work which will bear fruit in the next election.

On Friday a House full of lawyers debated the question of the appointment of another judge. It is clear that the Bench is undermanned, and Rufus Isaacs stated that the Committee of the Cabinet who settled the matter, while declaring that an extra judge was indispensable, could not consent to the appointment of two. He said he could not vote for the amendment to increase the number to two, although he said he would not put on the Government tellers.

J. W. Hills, a hard-working solicitor, made an excellent speech, in which he proved that judges actually earned more than they received—in fact, that they were a source of profit to the country, and that hundreds of thousands of pounds were lost and justice denied to hundreds by the delay; but the laymen showed their old distrust of the law; the amendment was lost by thirty, and the petition will go up to the Throne for one judge only.

Who will get it? There are many rumours, but unfortunately deserving men in the House do not always have big majorities, and the Government do not like risky elections just now.

The Radical Party hate the motor-bus; they see that in the end it will kill their beloved tramways, and prove once more that private enterprise and the march of mechanism will always beat municipal enterprise in the long run. On Monday a shower of questions on the subject of noise and danger and damage by the motor-bus showed which way the wind was blowing. The London General Omnibus Company has a powerful group of enemies, and you will find that legislation will be invoked in some directions to tax them or curtail their profits and energy.

Mr. Runciman has put his foot in it again. He appears to have boasted somewhere in the country "that the fire-eaters of Ulster have settled down to the humdrum work of the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill, as though that were of no more importance than the diseases of bees." He taunted the leaders with insincerity, and jeered at them for their moderation.

At the adjournment on Monday night Lord Castle-reagh called attention to the matter, and Runciman did

not improve matters by answering in rather a flippant tone. He declared that he was complimenting the Opposition on the admirable good temper and courtesy they had shown. He had used the words that he "would not for one moment underrate the seriousness of the feeling in *some parts of Ulster* about the passage of the Home Rule Bill."

Bonar Law castigated Runciman severely. Runciman's humorous tone "was an additional insult." The Unionist Party attach great importance to preserving the dignity of the House of Commons. He accused the honourable member of using language which was a direct incitement to people in Belfast to show by deeds the reality of the opposition to Home Rule.

Lloyd George, who understands the temper of the House thoroughly, saw at once that it was a serious matter. "If you take a phrase here and there," he said, "it is possible to make out a case against the honourable gentleman," but he was sure his friend "realised the earnestness of the feeling of the Ulster people." He was not surprised that the Opposition should be sensitive when anybody challenges a conviction which is almost a religion with them. When he sat down, the Unionists shouted "Withdraw!" but Runciman walked out, and the Unionists shouted, "Run away, coward!" In our opinion, both sides missed the real point. Runciman attacked the Ulstermen in the House for taking it so quietly in the House; it was not a question how the rank and file in Ulster would take it or how they felt.

All the afternoon the position of the Royal Irish Constabulary under the Bill had been discussed. Carson wanted to know if the Imperial Government kept the R.I.C. under their control for six years because, in the case of disturbance, they could suppress it without any odium being cast on the Irish Parliament.

Stephen Collins, who has the air of a vestryman, quoted poetry, and the Liberals urged that, under Home Rule, the military character of the force would entirely disappear.

Colonel Burn, Gilbert Parker, and Bonar Law all drove home the illogical position, but to no purpose, for at 10.30 the guillotine fell and Clauses 5 and 6 were added to the Bill. Carson was so angry that as a protest he stopped the Japanese Marriage Bill by moving to report progress; but it was only for a few minutes.

On Tuesday the Little Englanders held up their hands in holy horror at Lord Roberts' outspoken description of German preparations for war; Edward Grey, with bated breath, deprecated all such speeches, and rather sneered at the gallant Field-Marshal. Recently we have had nothing but useless debates on sham safeguards. To-day it was the veto of the Crown over Irish legislation. The Radicals say that we are perfectly safe, because, if the Irish Parliament pass any outrageous piece of legislation, the Lord Lieutenant can always refuse his sanction and veto it. That looks excellent on paper, but suppose the Irish Parliament—awful thought!—defied the Lord Lieutenant? That is the real question, and this afternoon it was shown that there is really no answer to it. "That it will never arise" is no answer at all.

I think Featherstonhaugh put the case in a nutshell when he said he did not value the safeguards one pin's point.

The Government, by means of a confidence trick, was asking them to entrust all they held dear to people whom they did not trust at all. The Government, with cheerful optimism, was setting up a fair-weather Constitution, regardless of the known conditions in Ulster; but it was no good. The lethargic majority strolled in from the smoking-rooms and libraries, and voted as they were told by the vigilant Whips stationed at the door. Eleven amendments were shut out and the clause added to the Bill.

## Notes and News

Captain Harry Maitland has in the press with Messrs. John Ouseley for early publication a book entitled "The Dash for the Winter Sports." It will be illustrated by Alfred Leete.

Messrs. John Long will shortly publish (at 3s. 6d.) a new novel entitled "Céline: A True Story of the French Revolution," translated from the French of Mlle. V. de Regnier by Frances Elizabeth Fishbourne.

A course of five lectures on "The Rulers of the Balkans" will be given on Wednesdays at 5 p.m., beginning on November 6, at the London School of Economics, by G. P. Gooch, M.A. The fee for the course is 10s. 6d.

"The Man of Pleasure" is the title of a new book by Mr. Ralph Nevill, which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are publishing this week. The book contains a number of illustrations, plain and coloured, some of which have unusual historical interest.

The final performance of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the Haymarket Theatre will take place on Saturday evening, November 16. Mr. Harrison will produce Mr. Stanley Houghton's three-act comedy, "The Younger Generation," and Lord Dunsany's play, "The Golden Doom," on the following Tuesday evening, November 19.

The Navy League is taking a great interest in "Drake," and many members who have seen the play have become its ardent advocates. It is now proposed to give a special Navy League matinée, and after that His Majesty's Theatre may be filled on two occasions by audiences drawn entirely from the League's branches at Birmingham and Bristol.

On Wednesdays, November 6 and 13, and Monday, November 11, the Schweich Lectures on Biblical Archaeology will be delivered in the theatre of the Academy, Burlington Gardens, at 5 o'clock, by the Rev. C. H. W. Johns, Litt.D. These lectures are open to the public, and free; those interested are cordially invited to attend by the secretary, Professor Gollancz.

"Romantic Ballads" (George Borrow) is announced for publication by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons. The book will be an almost facsimile reproduction of that only

once issued and exceedingly rare volume, "Romantic Ballads translated from the Danish and Miscellaneous Pieces" by Borrow. The issue will be limited to 300 copies numbered.

"The War Drama of the Eagles," by Mr. Edward Fraser, which Mr. Murray is to publish within a few weeks, breaks fresh ground in a field of romantic interest, and should prove attractive to that wide public who are students of Napoleon and the European turmoil caused by him. The record of Napoleon's Eagles in war has never before been set forth.

The "Classification of Books on Photography" is the subject of a special article in the forthcoming number of the *Librarian*, to be published by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. In the same number Mr. Kenneth Cotton, of the London School of Economics, makes an interesting suggestion, by which librarians and library assistants would make exchanges with other libraries at home and abroad.

A series of three lectures on Modern French Poetry is to be given in connection with the Exhibition of Modern French Art at the Grafton Galleries, by M. Charles Vildrac; the poetry which forms the subject of his lectures will be interpreted by M. Jacques Copeau, director of *La Nouvelle Revue Française* and adaptor of the acting version of "Les Frères Kamarazof" by Dostoevski. The work of such poets as Verlaine, Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Duhamel, etc., will be passed in review, and the lectures will take place at the Galleries on the afternoons of November 4, 7, and 11.

Messrs. Hutchinson announce two important books immediately. "My Life in Four Continents," by Col. Chaille-Long, tells the story of an adventurous career. The author played an important part in the Egyptian drama, under Gordon, and his narrative throws much new light on the character and methods of that famous soldier. One of the most interesting parts of Col. Chaille-Long's story relates to his exploration of the upper reaches of the Nile, the discovery of Lake Ibrahim, and the sources of the great river. This book will be in two volumes, handsomely illustrated. "Further Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, though really an independent work, to some extent continues the story of her life from the finishing point of her last book. Among other subjects she has much to say of her brother, Marion Crawford.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

### THE FATE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

October 30, 1912.

**A**T the moment of writing, the news reaches us that in Thrace there has begun a general engagement between the Turkish and Bulgarian forces which must inevitably develop into one of the decisive battles in the world's history. Concerning the military movements that have immediately preceded this great

clash of arms little is known. So far, the swift and daring strategy of the Allies has been crowned with the glory of uninterrupted success. No doubts are any longer entertained as to the sweeping character of their victories in Macedonia. The Turkish army in the west has been literally routed, and its communications with the east, if not irreparably severed, are at least in grave peril. It is, however, upon the battle-line in Thrace that the attention of Europe is at present concentrated; for the issue of the stupendous conflict now being waged with relentless fury in this part of the field will decide the fate of the Ottoman Empire, and may conceivably shatter to atoms the delicate structure of the world's peace.

However much we are inclined to sympathise with Turkey in her extreme plight, we cannot blind ourselves to the causes that have brought her to the verge of downfall. Again and again in this column we have not failed to warn our readers that her supreme crisis was pending—that, in short, unless she set her house in order with miraculous haste, events would so shape themselves that the Ottoman Empire in Europe would be placed in deadly peril. The long period of internal dissension that followed upon the deposition of Abdul Hamid has undermined that only foundation upon which a State can continue to exist as a power in the world—the morale of the masses. Military organisation, no matter how perfect, is merely the skeleton of security; the eagerness of the soldier to sacrifice all for his country is at once the flesh that clothes this skeleton and the breath that gives it life. Thus, in the collapse of the Turkish forces we find that it is the soul of the nation which has fled.

In saying this we do not wish in any way to detract from the brilliant qualities exhibited by their enemies. For the Turk, even in his death-agony, is a magnificent soldier, a man who is inured to hardship, and who, in spite of the despair that afflicts his spirit, remains a fatalistic, almost a mechanical, fighter to the end. But the Bulgarians possess all the valiant qualities which are known to be inherent in their foes, with the added advantages that they are brilliantly led and that their heart is in their work. It is because we recognise these circumstances that we place no confidence in the prospect of a complete reversal of the fortunes of the campaign. The success of the Bulgarian arms has been solely due to their conspicuous ability to accomplish that which all experts must hold to be the supreme aim of offensive warfare. They have so commanded their own movements that they have dictated the strategy of their enemy, thus destroying completely his pre-conceived plan of campaign and paralysing his capacity for initiative. As a consequence, the decisive issue of the campaign is now being contested upon ground virtually chosen by the Bulgarian General Staff.

Too much importance need not be attached to the well-founded reports that the communications in the rear of Nazim Pasha's troops have been severed. The lay mind must not imagine that the destruction of a bridge accomplishes the isolation of an army. But were

such an act to imply the presence of a considerable Bulgarian force in the immediate neighbourhood, then the Turkish position would indeed be hopeless. An interruption of the communications upon which Nazim Pasha is dependent for reinforcements, supplies, and munitions is, nevertheless, without doubt, of serious and significant moment. The mere fact that such an adventurous exploit has been accomplished points to carelessness and disorganisation in the Turkish forces; and although military engineering has reached so high a state of perfection that a break in the line of communications can be quickly repaired, delay and embarrassment at this critical juncture in the rear of the field forces will tend to spread confusion among troops already showing symptoms of wavering.

When all the available reports from the scene of conflict are carefully sifted and weighed, it is clear that, although the Turks are, as it were, in the last-ditch, their grand army is still intact and unbeaten; in other words, a fighting, though somewhat forlorn, chance remains in them. As to the issue of the battle now in progress, much depends upon the fortunes of the Bulgarian flanking force which, in the extreme east, is creeping towards the last line of defence works which oppose the road to Constantinople. That the Turkish position is well-nigh desperate is abundantly clear. If with their back to the only wall that separates them from ruin they should rally and triumph, then, paradoxical as it may seem, they will owe their fortune to the very hopelessness of their present situation. For it is now only the courage born of despair that can save them.

Were it not for the plain evidence so far forthcoming during the short period of the campaign concerning the utter demoralisation that has seized upon the rank and file of the soldiery, we might attach some slight importance to the ray of hope always to be found centred in situations of desperation. But it is only too apparent that the Turkish soldier has lost his sublime faith in Mahomed. He lifts his sword as of old, but there is no strength left in his arm because there is no fire in his soul. Nazim Pasha telegraphs optimistic messages to Constantinople. He has declared his intention either to win a glorious victory or leave his body on the field of battle. Thus, on the eve of one of the greatest conflicts in history, the Generalissimo passes sentence of death upon himself. For the issue now being contested on the plains of Thrace is beyond the control of any Commander-in-Chief, no matter how skilful he may be. It was decided during the years that have passed, while the people of the Balkan States, with single purpose and willing obedience, patiently prepared for the hour. Throughout those years the Ottoman Empire, aided by German instructors, has kept its armour from rusting, but it has neglected the man within the armour and the soul within the man. History is at the present moment repeating itself with an accuracy that is positively awesome, pointing once again the eternal lesson that it is arrogance and ease, not alone foes from without, that throttle the lives of nations.

## MOTORING

THE annual Motor Show is almost upon us, and, although it is becoming something like a platitude to state that it will be as interesting as ever, in spite of the fact that no striking innovations in motor-car design are to be looked for, the remark must be repeated on this occasion. According to present indications, based upon the preliminary announcements of the leading manufacturers, the car of 1913 will be essentially the same as the car of 1912, both in general design and in price. It goes without saying that practically every make of car will embody detail improvements and refinements, but that is practically all the visitor to Olympia this year may expect. Things are different in the accessory department, which has been growing in importance year by year, and which on this occasion is likely to be more voluminous and interesting than ever. We hope to describe some of the more important features of the Show in due course.

Universal surprise has been caused by the announcement, made a few days ago, that Mr. S. F. Edge has not only severed his connection with the famous Napier firm, but with the motor industry altogether. It is not too much to say that from the inception of the motoring movement in this country he has been the most prominent personality associated with it. His activities in every department—experimental, manufacturing, sporting, and social—have been most indefatigable, and have been continued with unabated vigour up to the very moment of his retirement. Apart from the invaluable services he has rendered to the industry and to the private motorist by the careful and exhaustive tests to which he has personally subjected almost every new motoring device, he has easily done more than anyone else to remove the reproach of incompetence from the British motor manufacturer, and to establish the high reputation now held by the high-class British car all over the world. The popularity of the six-cylinder car as the ideal automobile de luxe is almost entirely due to his persistent advocacy, the leading car manufacturers of the world having followed his lead in the adoption of the multi-cylindred engine. His achievements in the sporting and racing side of motoring are far too numerous to recapitulate here, but mention may be made of a performance which stands out as the greatest feat of skill and endurance in the annals of motoring—namely, his driving of a Napier for twenty-four consecutive hours at a continuous speed of over sixty miles an hour. This extraordinary performance was accomplished about six years ago at Brooklands, and is one which no one else has even attempted to rival.

On January 1 next the new regulations for motor-car taxation will come into force. It will be recollected that in September last the Special Committee, which had been sitting for some time to consider whether any alteration should be recommended, issued its report, which was to the effect that there should be no alteration so far as petrol cars are concerned; that the steam car should be rated upon its effective heating surface

instead of upon its cylinder bores; and that the tax on electric cars should be reduced. These recommendations have been accepted by the Treasury, and, unless something unexpected happens in the meantime, will form the basis of the new taxation. Steam and electric cars being relatively insignificant in number, the broad position is that the old state of affairs remains. The principal grievance is upon the part of owners of old and second-hand cars, who have to pay an altogether disproportionate tax under the existing system, which is based entirely upon bore-dimension. Horse-power is the basis of taxation, and it is not disputed that old cars of a certain bore do not really develop more than about half the power developed by modern cars of similar bore. On the face of it, it appears, therefore, that they should not be liable to the same tax. It is stated that the R.A.C. and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders intend to make representations to the Treasury on the subject, and there is nothing for the old-car owner but to wait and see whether these representations will have the desired effect.

A further batch of "guide cards" through towns, etc., has just been issued by the Automobile Association and Motor Union for the benefit of its members. The new centres dealt with are Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cambridge, Durham, Edinburgh, Exeter, Glasgow, Gloucester, Guildford, Leicester, Lincoln, Manchester, Northampton, Nottingham, Oxford, Shrewsbury, and Worcester. To the touring motorist these cards are invaluable. In addition to indicating clearly the best roads into, through, and out of the various towns and cities, they show where the authorised hotels, agents, and garages of the Association are situated, and the mileages to the other important towns in the neighbourhood.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE rash public that came in and bought as soon as the panic began are now regretting their haste. Prices do not rush up wildly. They tremble, and it would not take much to send them back to the levels of "Black Saturday." Stocks and shares have not found any permanent home. They were picked up by bankers and moneylenders whose sole object in buying was to make money. The philanthropy of the City is but skin deep. Those who support markets in panics are merely bargain hunters with big cash balances. The small people who came in will want to sell. Then they will find that the Banker who was so ready to buy at the bottom is not quite so ready a purchaser at to-day's levels. I expect that when the settlement has ended we shall find sagging markets.

Some few new issues have come out, but they none of them "went"; most indeed, did not deserve to go—for they were unattractive. The Motor Traction Co. was grossly over-capitalised, and the promotion profits were

excessive. The New South Wales short loan was a useful floater for the banks. The Railway Loan guaranteed by the Province of Alberta was good, but will be a poor market. The Canadian Brewery debentures were but a poor security, for the prospectus contained no valuation. And an offer of common stock at 15 with a far-distant coupon attached, savoured of cynicism or impudence. Canada has assuredly lost her head. The plantation from the spare land of Telegoredjo would appeal to no one. The days of such rubber flotations have gone by.

MONEY grows tighter day by day. The banks put up their rates at the settlement, and brokers whose clients were in dire need charged as high as ten per cent. Gambling shares were roughly treated. But the banks seemed quite glad to lend good clients money to take up stock, and on the whole less trouble was experienced than anyone expected. Still the talk is of a six per cent rate.

FOREIGNERS are gradually recovering. Paris has financed all the Balkan States and she is mightily pleased at their success. There is a business side to this war which will help French trade. The guns and the ammunition are French, and they have proved better than those of the Turks, which are German. So France gets not only the money, but also a good advertisement. Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, have been quite firm. These States will benefit greatly by the war. They will acquire rich provinces which France will finance. They will build railways which French engineers will construct. They will grow rich. Greece will take Salonica; Montenegro, Scutari; Servia will secure Old Servia, and Bulgaria will annex a large slice of land which will include Adrianople. This means added wealth. Roumania has arranged that she shall get her share—her neutrality will be paid for. Paris sees all this, and hard as she was hit in the panic, is now happy again.

HOME RAILS do not move. We must wait for a few weeks before the big traffics have any effect upon the thinking public. The Government intend to keep their promise and bring in a Bill. Not as good a Bill as the Companies wanted, but one that will help to pay the increased cost of wages and insurance. The companies could readily double their dividends if they ran upon Yankee lines. But they have lost all initiation. The officials only think of safety, the directors of precedent. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are wasted all over England every week. It is now said that the Midland is backing the Metropolitan purchase of the Great Northern and City. It would open up a large district and give the Midland a chance of getting a huge suburban traffic. If they are not interested in the deal they have missed the chance of their lives, and of all the companies the Midland misses less chances than most of the lines. The line is of no use to the Metropolitan unless it is linked up with one of the trunk lines, and if the Great Northern had wished the railway surely they would not have quarrelled with it in the way they did.

YANKEES don't move. The bankers bought, but they seem to have sold much larger blocks than anyone thought, for the markets are by no means strong, although business is good. A rise is therefore one of the certainties of the New Year. Except that the war ties up Continental money, and therefore cuts off the Berlin buyer, it should not affect American industries in any way. Indeed, it should do them good. I again say that those who buy Unions, Atchisons, and Southern Pacific will make money. Southern Common are also a very cheap lock-up for the line is doing very well indeed, and is now earning big dividends on the common stock, which have been used in putting the road in order and paying off the cost of the various bond issues. The South is prosperous, and as soon as the Panama Canal is opened Southerns will benefit as much if not more than any other road.

RUBBER is now 4s. 6d. a pound, and in spite of the prosperity of the United States does not improve. But the leading companies are doing well, and at present

prices are certainly able to maintain their dividends. The well-known Antwerp Company, the F.M.S., whose 50 francs shares are quoted 600 francs., has issued a splendid report. It will increase its planted area to 5,000 acres, and this year will harvest three million pounds and pay 100 per cent. dividend. The shares at 500 francs. are cheap, as the balance-sheet is strong and the planted area works out at only about £20 an acre. But the price seldom touches this figure, for the Belgians usually come in buyers on any fall. Singapore United is holding its own, but I see nothing attractive in the price either of the shares or the planted area. It is a long shot—and long shots in rubber are too risky to please me.

OIL shares were sold by the "bears" in the slump, and as a result they have been very hard indeed all the week. Indeed, Urals were scrambled for by those who had sold short and could not buy back. It is said that the agreement with Shell has been settled. A Maikop deal is on which will sweep up Maikop Props—Russian Maikop and the Deep Drilling Co., and International Maikop. It was said that Oilfields Finance would make the deal, but Mr. Barnett says, "No." Some of the companies have good plots and no money, others poor land and fat purses; so if they can come to terms they may do well. The New German Imperial Company, which is to compete against Standard Oil, is said to have made arrangements to purchase all the Mexican Eagle oil. It will want it badly, for Germany uses huge quantities of oil, which it cannot get from Galicia and Roumania.

MINES are more dead than the leaves on the trees. No one seems to care what happens to the market. The Kaffir houses say that they will now wait till the New Year. In the meantime prices sag away. The good Kaffirs are beginning to look cheap. For there are good Kaffirs—City Deep, were it well managed, would be cheap; Village Deep, were it cheap, would be good. Knights are good; Modder B is good, but I do not say buy to-day, for the whole position is uncertain, and in gambling counters like Kaffirs it is wise to wait till the bottom is touched. Some big blocks of shares have been pawned this account.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are hardly discussed. Yet the reports of all the companies are good. Aerated Bread showed a capacity to cut down expenses, which shows that the management is not so bad as the critics declared. The dealers in the House who pretended that they had the figures of the Wallpaper Combine were either deceived or deceivers, for the preliminary report actually shows reduced profits. We must wait for the full report before making any criticism. Roneo has done well, but defers the dividend. The insiders appear to be getting out of Telephone Deferred. But I am assured that £190 is the price that will be paid. The sale of the Perth Tramways will be agreed to. I congratulate Mr. Allan Stoneham upon his adroitness. To ask £500,000 and get £475,000 for a system that, to speak mildly, has been greatly neglected, was a piece of clever diplomacy. Some people grumble, but I do not see why.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir.—Mr. Dixon has now told your readers again what he told them in his previous letter—that he was led to become a Christian Scientist by the observation of certain cases in which Christian Science had, in his opinion, done good. This is surely quite beside the point. I believe the questions at issue are, in general, whether Christian Scientists as a class are people to whom a hypothesis is as good as a fact, and in particular whether the evidence

which led Mr. Dixon to his belief was of the sort which ordinary people demand before looking on any thesis as proved. As far as I can judge, Mr. Dixon has so far contributed nothing to the elucidation of these questions; yet he, of all men, could, if he were willing, do a great deal in that direction. The ordinary run of Christian Science testimonies are couched in much the same language, and have as evidence much the same value, as the testimonials to the virtues of patent medicines. "The doctor (name and qualifications not stated) said I was suffering from chronic small-pox. I took so many boxes of pills or went through so much Christian Science treatment. I am now quite well." The composition of the pills is for obvious reasons not stated, and it is manifestly impossible for anyone to say what the practitioner was doing during the treatment. Most characteristic of all, no evidence is as a rule given, beyond the patient's statement of his or her "sense perceptions," as to whether he or she was physically any better at the end of the process than before. Now it is to be presumed that Mr. Dixon, when he was testing the value of Christian Science treatment, was not satisfied with such evidence as this, and if he would give your readers some details about some of the cases he has seen, and bring forward, with regard to the condition of the patients before and after treatment, some evidence of the sort usually demanded and produced in the case of other curative systems, your readers would then know whether there is among Christian Scientists any higher standard of evidence than is to be found in their publications.

Mr. Dixon's latest letter contains a dictum which (if he really means it) would, I think, make it the merest impertinence ever to ask any man why he believes in anything. "The reason why an individual Christian Scientist" (or any other individual?) "arrives at a conclusion is very much better evidence of the reliability of that conclusion than the opinion of an outsider as to the train of reasoning in other people's minds." Assuming that this is a general proposition and that the words "other people's minds" mean "the mind of the individual in question" the effect of this dictum seems to me to be that any man who arrives at any conclusion is to be the sole judge of the validity of his reasons and of the correctness of his reasoning. The people who believed in the movement of the sun round the earth no doubt had reasons, or thought they had. The opinion of the outsider as to what went on in their minds was, therefore, of no value? If I am misrepresenting Mr. Dixon, perhaps he will explain: and I promise to make no reference to Browning. This promise is not due to any lack of reverence for antiquity or of a healthy taste for chestnuts. Many of your readers are, I am sure, anxious that Mr. Dixon should say something relevant about the questions at issue. I am equally sure that none of them takes any interest in my mental peculiarities. The usual explanation of the use of these controversial methods—that the user is actuated by a conscious or sub-conscious desire to evade the point—is, I am sure, not applicable in this case. Still, the tendency to wander away from the point into discussion of one's opponent's peculiarities is a hindrance and not a help. Mr. Dixon could, no doubt, go on showing how closely I resemble Browning and George Meredith from now till next week. I do not think your readers care, and I am sure that the process tends to prevent Mr. Dixon from realising the essence of the question which he has undertaken to discuss. If he would pay a little less attention to me, and a little more to the question, he would, I think, see that non-Christian Scientists are, from their point of view as to what evidence is, justified in saying that there is no evidence of any case of organic disease ever having been cured or ameliorated by Christian Science treatment, and that the idea of the thing being possible is merely a hypothesis in support of which no evidence has ever been adduced.

Mr. Dixon entirely agrees with my view that "what differentiates the Christian Scientist from ordinary people is that in his eyes the reason why the man recovered is just as much a question of fact as his recovery," and he adds, "I have given my own reasons for coming to that conclusion." The words "my own reasons" refer doubtless to the repeated statement "I had accumulated a vast mass of evidence, all tending to prove the fact of spiritual causation and all demonstrating the fact that inharmony of whatever description could be overcome by obedience to the law of divine principle." Now if Mr. Dixon wants to persuade your readers that it is rational to arrive at the conclusion on the strength of the evidence, the first step surely is to produce the evidence. Mr. Dixon's assurance that the evidence satisfies him is, of course, conclusive as far as he is concerned, but it is not likely to carry conviction to anyone else.

I can, perhaps, make my contention clear by putting it in a concrete form. A man leads for twenty years a life of reckless self-indulgence, with the natural result that he is crippled with disease. He becomes a Christian Scientist and leads a clean life, to the manifest advantage of everybody. There can, I suppose, be no doubt about what Mr. Dixon calls "the fact of spiritual causation," but what evidence is there that the inharmony has been overcome? Christian Science seems to say to this man, "Your heart and lungs and digestive apparatus are as sound as if you had led a decent life. You are as able to do good work for yourself and for the community as anybody else. If you have children, there will be no danger of their being handicapped in any way by the life you have led." It is, to my mind, difficult to imagine anything more immoral than such teaching. That, however, is not the immediate point. The question is: What evidence is there in support of this attitude? One can easily see the attractiveness of such a doctrine. Nothing one could say to this man would be so likely to make him happy, and as long as he is never asked to endure any mental or physical strain, and refrains from inquiring too closely into the physical or mental condition of his children, he may very likely be able to shamble through the rest of his life in the belief that all inharmony has been overcome. Ordinary people are not likely to believe it until they are supplied with far more evidence than has been laid before them so far regarding the present condition of the man's heart and lungs, and the condition of his children.

There is, of course, a large number of people to whom Christian Science has done great good. People whose troubles were entirely or largely imaginary have been led by it to take a more hopeful view of themselves and their condition; to pay less attention to their woes. In most of these cases no evidence is attainable: they used to feel ill or unhappy, and now they feel all right, and they and the world have every reason to be grateful to Christian Science for what it has done for them. There is, however, a considerable amount of real disease and trouble in the world, regarding which evidence is attainable. When Christian Scientists say that Christian Science can cure tuberculosis or a decayed tooth, they are saying something which, if it were true, could be proved; not on the lines of "The doctor thought I had tuberculosis and now I think I am cured," but according to the laws of evidence which are generally accepted as valid. If Mr. Dixon will produce a few cases of tuberculosis or decayed teeth, the existence of the disease and its disappearance being proved by analogous tests made by men of equal competence, he will have gone far towards proving his hypothesis that inharmony of whatever description can be overcome by obedience to the law of divine principle. Then the decks will be clear for the discussion of the further question: "What caused the disease to disappear? Good food, fresh air, favourable surroundings, or Christian Science treatment?" That question, too, could be tested. All

that is necessary for the accumulation of valid evidence is greater willingness on the part of Christian Scientists to submit their ideas to the sort of tests which other people who have a thesis to prove are only glad to resort to whenever they have a chance. I am, Sir, yours, etc.,  
October 21, 1912.

T. G. MARTIN.

**"TACITAE" AND "SILENTIA" IN AENEID II, 255.**  
*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—If Mr. Dodgson will refer to Conington's edition of Vergil he will find this difficult passage fully discussed; although the note may leave him still undecided, a result not unusual where Vergil and his great commentator are concerned! Conington saw that the poet's meaning might be that there was no moon, and Mr. Dodgson's interesting quotation from Dante lends support to this interpretation. It was said jestingly of a certain living art critic that he "battens on the vague," and Vergil is certainly not averse from vagueness. Whether he meant us to think of the night of Troy's downfall as moonlit or moonless is a nice point. There is the passage under consideration; a little later some comrades confront Æneas "in the moonlight"; and a few moments afterwards "dark night enfolds us in its hollow covert."

If anyone will read the whole description anew, remarking at the start the lines—

"Vertitur interea cælum et ruit Oceano nox,  
Involvens umbra magna terramque polumque"

—where the impression conveyed is of "a darkness that may be felt"—he will probably incline to understand Vergil as meaning that the goddess gave the Danai a moonless crossing. The orb may have risen later, when the fighting was in progress. But as to the torch on the leading vessel, Mr. Dodgson is wrong in thinking it was lit for purposes of exploration—those shores being, in truth, familiar to the Danai—since it was a signal to Sinon to release the warriors from the wooden horse. Characteristically, Vergil says elsewhere that it was Helen who gave the signal.

One may the more favour the "moonless" theory when one remembers that repeatedly in Vergil the wind is said, presumably by its absence, to calm the waters. (See Ec. 2, 26, Georg. 4, 484, Aen. 1, 66 and 5,673; also a passage in Sophocles, Ajax 674, which may be their common source.) Similarly, may not the moon be regarded as, by a like complacency, effecting darkness? The moderns have not a monopoly of paradox! I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Farnham, October 20.

H. C. MINCHIN.

**THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.**  
*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—The remarks made by "Scotus, Edinburgh," were quite in order.

Allow me to supplement them. Nearly two years ago there appeared an article in an art journal asking the public to send particulars, etc., of any (well-known) men of importance.

I replied by sending to (Sir) Sidney Lee a biographical sketch of the late Admiral Lindesay Brine, R.N., F.R.G.S., containing such items as follows: Commanded a Battery in the Crimea 1854, in the Baltic 1855, Capture of Taku Forts 1860, Naval Assessor to the House of Lords, Asst. Superintendent of Naval Reserves, Brother of Trinity House, received six or more medals, and author of various works, etc., etc.

I gave more details and wrote the biography in the usual style. From that day to this (nearly two years ago) I have never received any acknowledgment of the biographical sketch.

I presume Sir Sidney Lee may wish to be the author of my work, or, he is still vexed with me for having asked him on a previous occasion "on what authority he pub-

lished the biography of John Baverstock Knight, 1785-1859, as the account was not only misleading, but parts of it were absolutely untrue."

The author of this last-named biography was Mr. Lionel Cust, the Director of the National Gallery, to whom I wrote, also, for an explanation. Mr. Lionel Cust apologised to me and said he obtained his information solely from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Sir (then Mr.) Sidney Lee also apologised and said the biography should be amended in the next publication.

I contend that a copy from any work ought to state the fact of its being so extracted, and not be handed down in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as original.

I also contend that biographers ought to verify their statements before they put matters forward as part of a certain individual's life.

I am the author of the biography of the said John Baverstock Knight, which I published in order to place on record the actual facts of this most prolific and versatile painter, whose career would never have been truly known had I not done so, and who would have been under gross misrepresentation if left to the "Dict. Nat. Biog." account of the man.

The British Museum and other Libraries and Galleries possess copies of the Biography by me.

Yet with all the expense I have been put to, and apologies from Sir S. Lee and Mr. Cust, I have not yet received any intimation from either of them that the promise made has taken effect in the recently published new volume, and as I have not seen a copy, I am doubtful.

But why should Admiral Lindesay Brine not be included? He died 1906? Believe me, yours very truly,  
Ravenscroft, Shirley Avenue, FRANCIS KNIGHT.

Southampton, October 21, 1912.

**BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.**

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—The Baconian syllogism is this: "Shakespeare" is the work of a learned man. Bacon was a learned man, therefore Bacon wrote Shakespeare. But the notion that "Shakespeare" is the work of a learned man is comparatively of modern date. John Hales, of Eton, writing before 1633, and referring to a conversation concerning Shakespeare in which Sir John Suckling, Sir William Davenant, Ben Jonson, and he himself were engaged, says that, "hearing Ben frequently reproaching him [Shakespeare] with the want of learning and ignorance of the Ancients, he [Hales] told him that, if Mr. Shakespeare had not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stolen anything from them (a fault the other made no conscience of); and that, if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to find something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakespeare." Dryden said that Shakespeare "was wanting that learning and care which Jonson had." Naham Tate admitted, "however it fared with our author for book-learning, it was evident that no man was better studied in men and things, the most useful knowledge for a dramatic writer." Lady Margaret Cavendish, in the "General Prologue" to her "Plays," 1682, after praising Ben Jonson, says:—

"Yet gentle Shakespeare had a fluent wit,  
Although less learning, yet full well he writ,  
For all his plays were writ by Nature's light," etc.  
And many other instances could be cited from notable judges of the seventeenth century to the same effect. But in the succeeding century there arose a contrary view; George Colman the elder, and others, thought the plays indicated an acquaintance with Greek, Latin, and later foreign authors whose works had not been translated into English when Shakespeare wrote. But Farmer, in his

celebrated "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," 1766, completely refutes that idea. Dr. Warton refers to it "as a work by which an end is put forever to the dispute concerning the learning of Shakespeare." Another century passes, and it is again asserted that the plays must be the work of a scholar, and as Bacon was a scholar—then Bacon is Shakespeare. To persist in this fiction is not creditable. The lines quoted by Mr. Smedley from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," II ii., 124-127, are anything but "poor stuff." It should be recognised that they are dramatic, expressing excitement in the speaker. Shakespeare answers Mr. Smedley in line 129 in the same speech: "Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do." I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

TOM JONES.  
London, E.C.

## "ANTONINUS."

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—In your article on the present hypocritical state of man you ask a very significant question.

"Why at this stage—the Cross and the Crescent?" And then, by referring to Gibbon's well-known satire on the Crusades, you introduce an original historic indictment.

Indeed, it may be asked—"Why at any stage—the Cross and the Crescent?" It will be as well for us to remember that the Cross is not emblematic of world power, though, as you further have the happiness to state, the "monopoly of righteousness" by Whitefield's Tabernacle and the singular justice of our House of Commons make for the contradiction of this great fact. However, as the state of Antoninus' time proved, there is always the consolation that "Quos Deus vult perdere, prins dementat." Yours obediently,

Hillcroft, Eastwood, Essex.  
October 22, 1912.

H. C. DANIEL.

## "ON LUCIDITY IN PROSE."

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—In the article with this title in your last issue, Mr. Belloc gives us a very interesting quotation—a "text" which was a favourite of his old schoolmaster's, viz., "They shall file and flee into the valley of Beth-Ramon, where the lion roareth and the flap-doodle mourneth the loss of her first-born." Some years ago I bought for a ha'penny in a little East End shop a leaflet on which was printed a Yankee mock-sermon supposed to have been preached by what the Americans term a "hard-shell Baptist"; and one of the sentences in this sermon was the "text" mentioned above. But it differed from the schoolmaster's version in several vital particulars. It ran as follows: "They shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Rephsidim, where the lion roareth for his prey and the whang-doodle mourneth for her first-born." It would be interesting to know which of these gems is the correct one. It would also be useful to know how it would read if translated into the English language. Yours faithfully,

J. G. G.  
London, N.W. October 24, 1912.

## A POINT OF GRAMMAR.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

Sir,—Allow me to propound the following question for consideration by your numerous grammatical correspondents:—

"What is the actual logical connection between 'relative' and 'interrogative' pronouns?" Your obedient servant,

QUIS.  
London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

*Edinburgh.* By R. L. Stevenson. Illustrated in Colour by James Heron. (Seeley, Service and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

*The Life of Sir Howard Vincent.* By S. H. Jeyses. Concluded by F. D. How. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

*By Flood and Field: Adventures Ashore and Afloat in North Australia.* By Alfred Searcy. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons. 6s. net.)

*Memorials of the Cathedral and Priory of Christ in Canterbury.* By C. Eveleigh Woodruff, M.A., and William Danks, M.A. Illustrated by Louis Weirter, R.B.A. (Chapman and Hall. 16s. net.)

*The Diaries of William Charles Macready, 1833-1851.* Edited by William Toynebee. Two vols. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 32s. net.)

*Eton in the 'Seventies.* By the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

*A Prince of Pleasure: Philip of France and his Court, 1640-1701.* By Hugh Stokes. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)

*The Memoir of Sir Horace Mann.* By I. Giberne Sieveking. Illustrated. (Kegan, Paul and Co. 10s. net.)

*Francis Thompson, the Preston-Born Poet, with Notes on Some of his Works.* By John Thomson. Illustrated. (Alfred Halewood, Preston. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Six Lectures on the Inns of Court and of Chancery, Delivered in Middle Temple Hall during Easter and Trinity Terms, 1912.* By W. Blake Odgers, K.C., and Others. With Plan. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

*The Adventures of an Elephant-Hunter.* By James Sutherland. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

*Principles of Economics.* By Dr. N. G. Pierson. Translated from the Dutch by A. A. Wotzel. Vol. II. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

*Persian Literature.* By Claude Field. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)

*Scotland and the French Revolution.* By Henry W. Meikle, M.A., D.Litt. (James Maclehose and Sons. 10s. net.)

*Monaco and Monte Carlo.* By Adolphe Smith. (Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 15s. net.)

*A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830.* By Oliver Elton. 2 vols. (Edward Arnold. 21s. net.)

*Boswell the Biographer.* By George Mallory. With Portrait. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

*John Forster and His Friendships.* By Richard Renton. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

*Marie-Antoinette, Her Early Youth (1770-1774).* By Lady Younghusband. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

*Republican France, 1870-1912, Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes, and Social Life.* By Le Petit Homme Rouge (Ernest Alfred Vizetelly). With Portraits. (Holden and Hardingham, 12s. 6d. net.)

## FICTION.

*Bunch Grass: A Chronicle of Life on a Cattle Ranch.* By Horace Annesley Vachell. (John Murray. 6s.)

*Adnam's Orchard.* By Sarah Grand. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

*Muddling Through.* By Lady Napier of Magdala. (John Murray. 6s.)

*The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol.* By Wm. J. Locke. Illustrated by Alec Ball. (John Lane. 6s.)

*Dr. Phillips: A Maida Vale Idyll.* By Frank Danby. New and Revised Edition. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

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*The Experimentalists: An Unusual Comedy in Three Acts.* By Rathmell Wilson and Muriel Hutchinson. (John Ouseley. 1s.)

*The Tallyman, and Other Plays.* By Edward A. Parry. (Sherratt and Hughes. 1s. 6d. net.)

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*Letters from Solitude, and Other Essays.* By Filson Young. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)

*The Voice of One Crying.* By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. Arranged in Cycles by T. K. C. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Home Life: Being Addresses given at a Retreat for the Wives of Clergy.* By Edward King, D.D. Edited by B. W. Randolph, D.D. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.)

*The Social Obligations of a Christian.* By the Right Rev. Charles Gore, D.D., and *The Attitude of the Church towards Social Problems of To-Day.* By the Rev. G. W. Hockley. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 3d. net.)

*Essays in Fresco.* By Edward McCurdy. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.)

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*Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Harper's Monthly Magazine; Windsor Magazine; Fortnightly Review; Cornhill Magazine; Atlantic Monthly; Church Quarterly Review; Modern Language Teaching.*

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